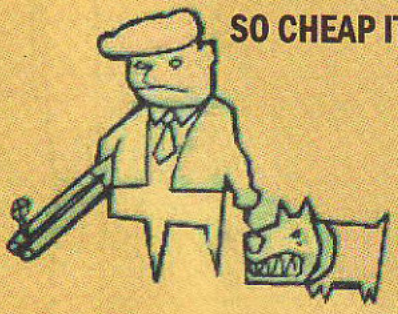
JULY-AUG 02

The Slate

SO CHEAP IT'S FREE

INFO ON
CLUBS
GIGS
FILMS



TRESPASSING

WHY BREAKING INTO PRIVATE PROPERTY IS THIS SUMMER'S HOTTEST CRAZE

FREE PARTIES

THE LOWDOWN ON ILLEGAL RAVES

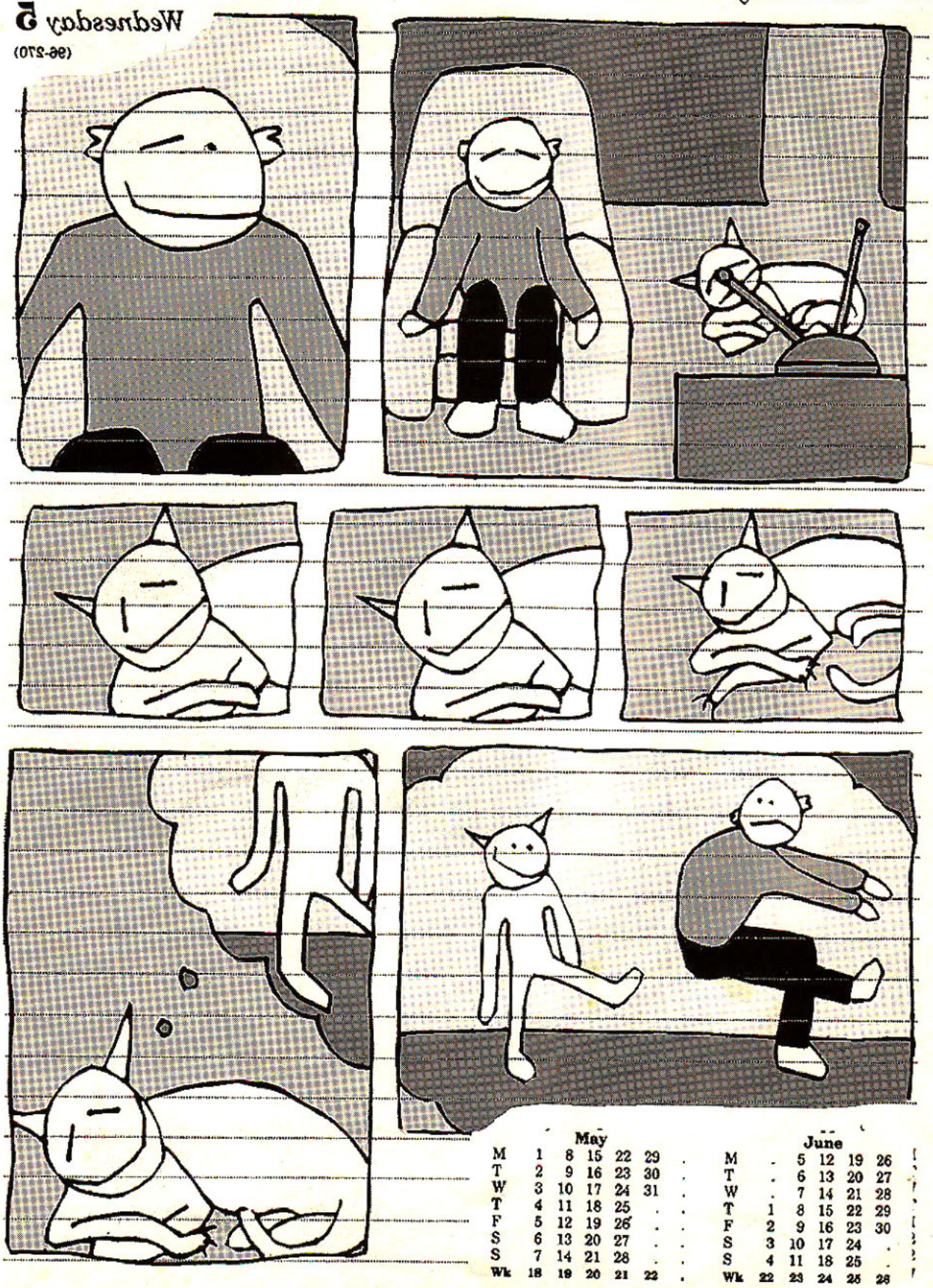
DOLE UPDATE

AVOIDING WORK IS HARDER THAN EVER

NO. 16

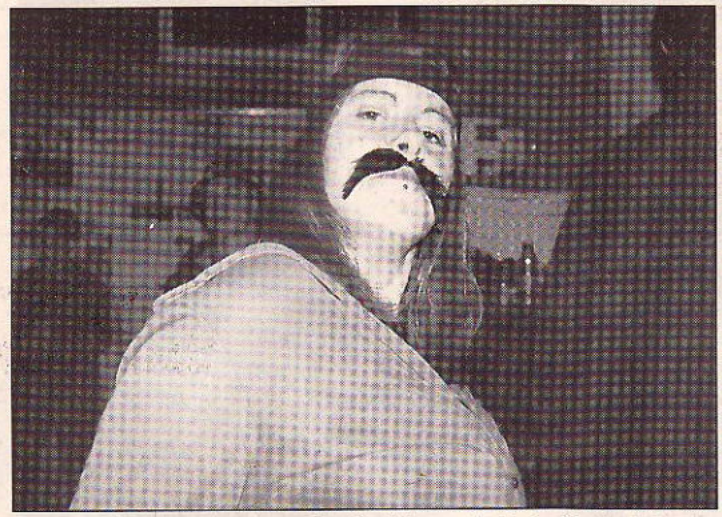
kick the cat...

gavin beattie



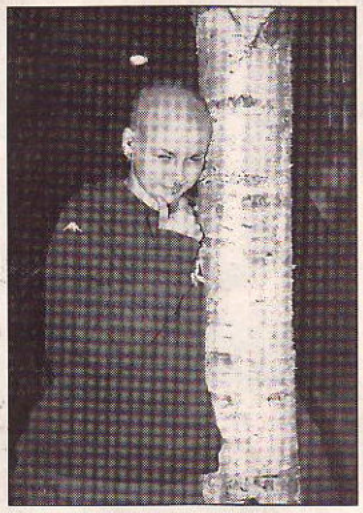
	May							June						
M	1	8	15	22	29	.		M	.	5	12	19	26	
T	2	9	16	23	30	.		T	.	6	13	20	27	
W	3	10	17	24	31	.		W	.	7	14	21	28	
T	4	11	18	25	.	.		T	1	8	15	22	29	
F	5	12	19	26	.	.		F	2	9	16	23	30	
S	6	13	20	27	.	.		S	3	10	17	24	.	
S	7	14	21	28	.	.		S	4	11	18	25	.	
Wk	18	19	20	21	22	.		Wk	22	23	24	25	26	

Kick the Cat can also be found in Irish comic Toenail Clippings, available in Tower Records, Sub City, The Secret Book and Record Store and Forbidden Planet. Mail order from Big If Publications, 23 Dominick St. Lower, Dublin 1.

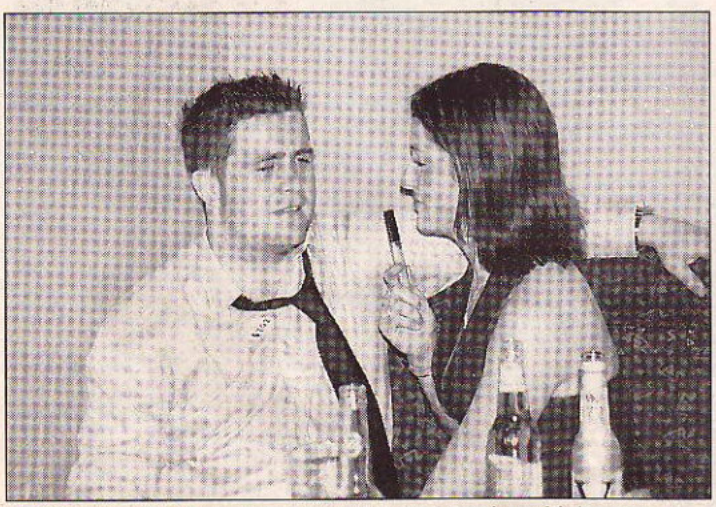


Stella's efforts to get some action had descended into slipping into the gents to get a look at some mickies.

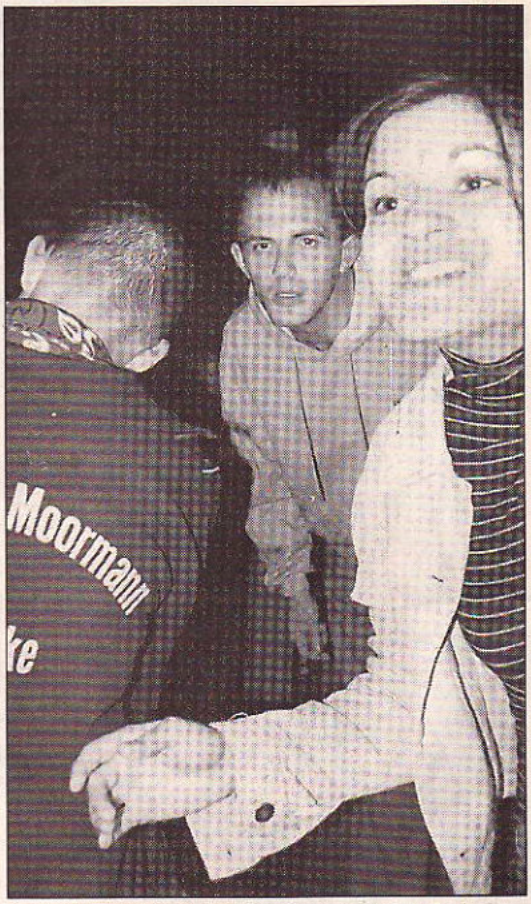
Either there was something funny in the cigarette or his girlfriend was slowly turning into a tree.



Later on that evening the hallucinations became very disturbing when his girlfriend got it on with an alien

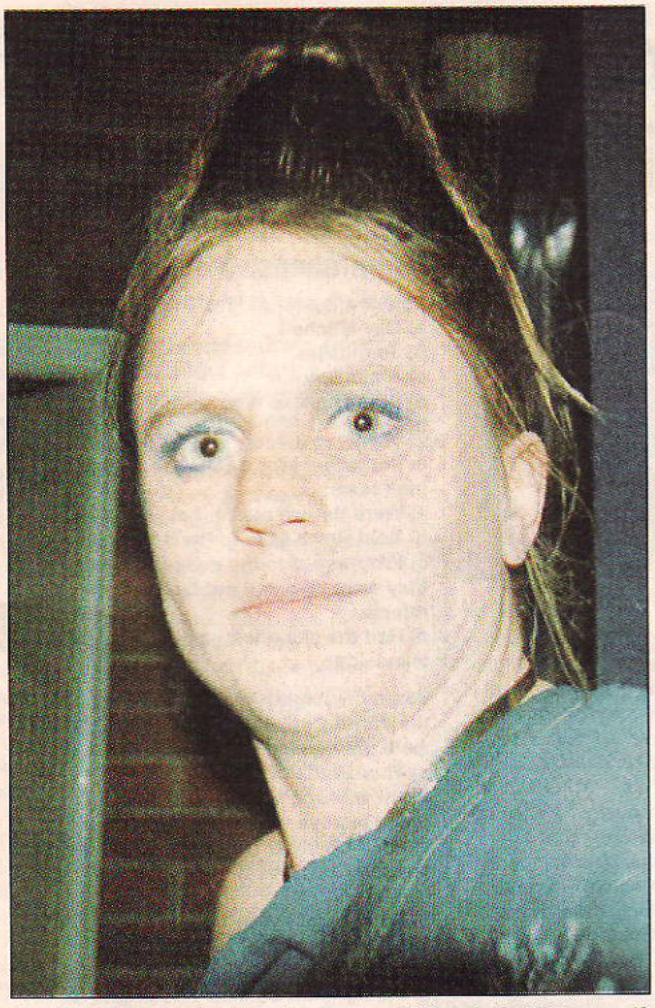


TV3 scores another scoop with an exclusive interview with 'some guy who looks a bit like the fat one from Friends'



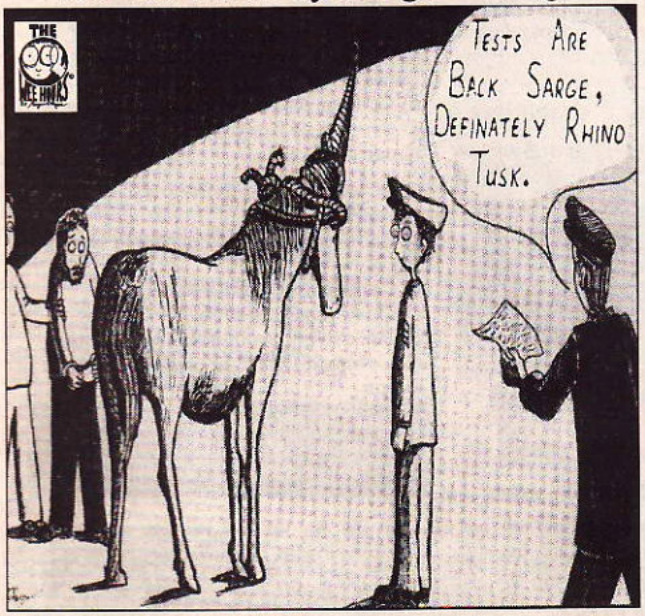
Leroy went to clubs to listen to people dancing

What do you get if you cross Elton John with a condom?



The former Prodigy frontman is now a north County Dublin housewife

The Wee Hours by Morgan O'Regan



Only one of the ways in which ivory is smuggled around the world

Who Needs Napster?

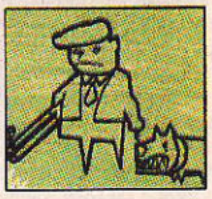
CHECK OUT OUR GUIDE TO ALL THE BEST LAW-DODGING DOWNLOAD SITES

After reading this, we guarantee that you will be fully equipped to fuck up record companies and rich complaining assholes like the one on the right. Bring on the Copyright Armageddon. **p.16**

EQUINE EVICTION
THE SMITHFIELD HORSE FAIR IS GETTING THE BOOT

But the stubborn cunts are refusing to leave. Fair fucks to them. **p.08**

TRY A LITTLE TRESPASSING



According to our Fad Barometer, breaking and entering is set to be the ultimate night-time activity this summer. **p.12**

THE BLACKHOLE

There's a turn up for the books in **Kick the Cat** this month **p.02**

Sex mad Dublin We live in a city full of perverts, and The Slate is delighted to announce the arrival of a classy new venues to cater for them **p.07**

Spaz Guide This month we look at the frightening beach party experience **p.04**

DAS LISTINGS

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Green Light for our Brutal Boys in Blue

The cops have given themselves the all-clear for more Mayday Mayhem

THERE WAS good news last month for all Gardai who enjoy roughing up civilians, inventing confessions, and going on heavy drinking sprees in the back of their paddy wagons.

Some members of the force were concerned that – after a lot of unreasonably critical media coverage – an independent investigator might be called in to find out why it was necessary to beat the shit out of a bunch of peaceful protestors who had turned up for the Mayday Reclaim the Streets demonstration.

But no, thank god, that possibility has been 100% ruled out, and the boys in blue will all be delighted to hear that their violent carry-on is being independently looked into by one of their own – a bona fide retired pig.

Jim McHugh (left) with his pal Gordon Holmes

The man entrusted with this job – generally assumed to involve slapping people on the back and chatting about Ireland's World Cup performance – is Jim McHugh, a former Garda assistant commissioner.

McHugh was unveiled last month by Gordon Holmes, the head of the Garda Complaints Board, who showed admirable patriotism by declaring that we needed to have "Irish problems investigated by Irish people".

And Holmes also had the good sense to dismiss stupid suggestions that some barrister or non-cop might head up the investigation. By his reckoning, only a Garda would have the required brainpower for this kind of work. "The Gardai are trained in investigation; other people are not."

He was, however, generous enough to admit that "we obviously can't use current members of the Gardai," but then bizarrely added that "former members have no ties to the force". According to Holmes, Jim McHugh "has absolutely all of the attributes of a person needed to carry out an independent investigation".

The Gardai hard at work

Another bizarre publication for Irish readers

AN EXCITING new magazine has come on the Irish market - aimed at idiots, second-rate perverts and people who leave the shop with it by accident. S.I.N. (Sex, Issues and News!) is supposedly a women's sex magazine, although it is run by a male ex-Jehovah's Witness. This female-friendly publication also contains a rather disturbing article advising men to buy some spying equipment so they can find out if their girlfriends have been cheating on them.

S.I.N.fully shite

STUPIDITY TEST

Have you been asleep for the last month? Put your knowledge of Irish current affairs on trial with our comprehensive quiz

The new leader of Fine Gael is:
a) Gay Mitchell
b) John Giles
c) A monkey
d) Some culchie who no one has heard of

In the recent World Cup, the mighty Irish team:
a) Were thrown out for being too ugly
b) Sold Roy Keane to the Brazilians
c) Progressed to the semi-finals where they were knocked out by a cheating referee
d) Had the worst left back ever seen on television

When the mighty Irish came home from the World Cup, they were greeted by:

a) Thousands of drunk morons in green jerseys
b) Jack Charlton singing God Save the Queen
c) Roy Keane trying to bunk onto the open top bus
d) Immigration officials refusing to let in anyone with an English accent

Eamon Dunphy was kicked off RTE for:
a) Masturbating John Giles under the pundits' desk
b) Drinking two litres of cider on TV
c) Cheering for Germany when they weren't even playing
d) Commentating on child porn instead of a replay of Kevin Kilbane tackling himself

Most people in Bertie Ahern's new cabinet are:
a) Good-looking, intelligent and charming
b) Corrupt and incompetent
c) Close relations of An Taoiseach
d) Still driving around their constituencies showing off their chauffeur-driven Mercs

The Slate is fucking off on holidays for the rest of the summer to Tahiti. Next issue out in September

July Timeline

Noteworthy events for your diary

Thurs July 4

American Independence Day. Expect an unbearable amount of flag waving from the yanks this time round.

Sat July 6

WWA - World Wrestling Allstars get down to some serious acting in the RDS

Sex Madness Hits Dublin

Two great new strip clubs have been added to the city's already fine array

GREAT NEWS for upmarket Dublin perverts - a new strip bar has opened with the intention of blowing the competition completely out of the water. The Barclay Club - located at 47 South William St. - is an exciting addition to the Irish tit-bar scene where patrons are assured that they will feel truly classy as they pull themselves off under the table.

About a month ago, all the most important men in Dublin received letters informing them that a "new and genuinely exclusive" club had hit the Dublin social scene. Along with this invite was a cigar, a box of matches and a letter which at first glance appeared to promise some kind of tacky version of the Kildare Street Club.

"Cigars are best smoked when held in the left hand. To achieve good balance you will need to hold a glass of champagne in your right," it begins grandly.

The letter continues with Manager Conor Merry pretending he is running some kind of chic new establishment that every social climber in Dublin will be dying to get into: "A recognised and talented team of Gourmet Chefs, Masters of Wine and Hospitality Experts have combined their strengths to bring you...a truly eclectic menu and wine list, along with perfect cocktails and refreshing premium beers in luxurious, yet relaxed surroundings".

After several paragraphs stressing the Barclay Club's respectability and exclusivity, they cut to the chase: "The added attraction of stunningly beautiful and sophisticated young ladies, dancing both on stage and privately, will only add to the pleasure and amplify the sense of occasion during a visit to The Barclay Club".

This outstanding venue also offers clients private wanking booths in which they can hammer away at their members while some poor Eastern European girl waves her arse about: "Performances are enjoyed from the classic pole stages, table-side in the semi-private areas throughout the Barclay Club and in the Grafton, Chatham, Clarendon and Barclay suites".

In case you think we are making this entire thing up, check www.barclayclub.ie for more details.

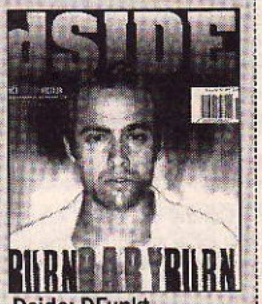
These ladies are all desperate for cash - just what you're after really

TRENDY MAGAZINE CLOSES DOWN

Good news - Ireland is rid of yet another unecessary magazine (Stars On Sunday & Clubbing.com being two others). This time, Dside, a pretentious, poor imitation of a London style mag that has bitten the dust.

If you haven't heard of it - don't worry. Absolutely nobody bought it, and it was full of pictures of ugly Irish models, articles about second rate marketing secretaries and profiles of bad Irish DJs.

The reasons for it's closure are unclear, but it was co-owned by one of the people behind the disastrous Stars On Sunday and Gay Ireland - a woman called Melanie Morris.



Dside: DFunkt

WORLD CUP FEVER

The whole country went mad when Matt Holland equalised against Cameroon, but that was no excuse for this man's sly behaviour.

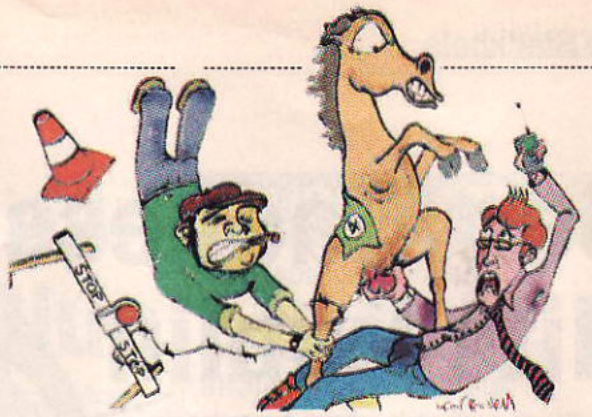
Fri 12 July

Marching Season begins in the north when all the mad Orange cunts wind up the Catholics by marching through their neighbourhoods celebrating Proddy King Billy's 17th Century victory over the Catholic James II

Sun 14 July

Les Frogs will not be terribly happy this Bastille Day after having their team knocked out of the World Cup in the first round

Market Forces



Smithfield Horse Fair is being kicked out of its home to make way for a load of yuppies. We give a detailed history of the market since its beginnings in the 17th Century

1664

A cattle and horse market is started just outside Dublin in Smithfield. Over the next few centuries, the first Sunday of every month sees rich city folk hiding in their houses and gawking out at travellers, farmers and dirty children cantering down the street on half-dead horses and balding ponies. The square itself becomes the venue for a wide range of chicanery and accents that nobody can understand.

March 1997

The Control of Horses Act is introduced, giving local authorities the power to ban horses from wherever they see fit.

July 1997

The most useless place in Dublin

Just months after this horse legislation is signed into operation, Smithfield is chosen as the victim of a wildly ambitious 'rejuvenation' project. Grandiose statements are made about a 'civic plaza' and 'a new cultural centre', but what is actually built is a gigantic empty square with ridiculous 25m high flamethrowers, a whiskey museum, and a shopping mall full of woolly jumper outlets. Even though it looks like Nuremberg without the crowd, the Corpo say they want to keep Smithfield's "lively market" atmosphere. This is soon revealed to be a lie.

1999

The Yuppie's Favourite

Yuppies embrace the rejuvenation project and begin moving into Smithfield. They immediately start complaining about the lack of wholefood shops in the area, but this is nothing compared to the racket they make upon being woken by braying donkeys and fighting farmers shortly after moving in. City Manager, Mr John Fitzgerald (above), puts their minds at ease by saying that "you won't recognise the north inner city in five years' time. Have a good hard look at it now, and come back and hit me over the head if I'm not right".

Aug - Sept 1999

The horse market is 'temporarily' moved up the road to Grangegorman while the square is getting some kind of revamp. Then, surprise surprise, the Corpo start making excuses to delay the horse traders' return to Smithfield. In the end, the traders tell the authorities to fuck themselves and hold the January 2000 market on Smithfield Square anyway. The Corpo claim that there is "a guarantee in the framework plan for the area that the horse fair will be retained, no matter what other activities take place in Smithfield". Almost nobody believes them.

Jackie Healy Rae gets sold to the Dubs

Summer 2001

Eight gigs are planned for Smithfield as part of the Heineken Weekender. Unfortunately nobody asked the residents if they wanted David Gray and the Manic Street Preachers whining in their windows all night long. The locals kick up a fuss, the gigs are moved to Marlay Park, and it dawns on everyone that "the largest purpose-built open civic space in Europe" looks like it will end up being nothing more than a promenade for stray dogs and scared professionals.

April 2002

Egged on by the yuppies, Corpo officials are doing everything they can to drive the horses out of Smithfield. Bertie Ahern, however is not about to let that stand in the way of a bit of blatant hypocrisy. "The famous Smithfield markets have held a special place in the hearts of Dubliners for generations," he says. "Even now the sight of horses being brought to the market on the first Sunday of every month continues in our modern city."

May 2002

A month after Bertie's sentimental statement, a horse goes mad and charges down the quays with a traffic barrier trailing along behind him. The Corpo, now known as Dublin City Council, are delighted and immediately seize the opportunity to suspend the 340-year-old horse fair until another location (probably in Ballyfermot) is found for it. Smithfield is now all clear for another disastrous attempt to turn it into a civic plaza.

June 2002

Once again, the horse traders tell the Corpo to shove it up their holes, and the market takes place on Smithfield Square again. It remains to be seen how long they can hold out against the forces of greed and idiocy that are in charge of modern Ireland.

9-14 July
The Galway Film Fleadh, featuring a whole load of world cinema

16-28 July
The 25th Galway Arts Festival. Expect lots of drinking and rows on the streets of the City of the Tribes

Tue 16 July
The detestable dancing cunt Michael Flatley is 44 today. He is pictured right warding off blows from angry punters

Dole Disaster - now it's harder than ever to stay at home doing nothing

With our Unemployment Correspondent
Foolish O'Hare

Watch Out! Irish people are being forced to work in Spar again - and you aren't allowed be stoned and rude to customers any more

WITH UNEMPLOYMENT on the up again, Irish people will soon be enjoying a return to the lifestyle we are best suited too. With this in mind, we can be thankful that the World Cup came around in time for people to get plenty of practice at not working before the real slump hits.

However, one thing that is not appreciated is our Nazi government's disgraceful campaign to turn staying on the dole into a near insurmountable challenge. The sneaky cunts (driven on by that slavedriver Mary Harney) are now hounding dole recipients to go out and spend all day hunting high and low for a full-time job.

Heartless Harney

The Welfare used to be happy if you rolled up every couple of months and hauled out the same crumpled rejection letter you'd been bringing in since you left school. But now they won't give you your benefit wage unless you come in with a full-on humiliating letter of rejection every fortnight. Not only that, but you can't just ask your uncle the mechanic to say he gave you the brush-off again this month. Instead they are only accepting rejections from jobs that have been advertised in depressing classified ads sections like the Evening Herald and Nixers.com.

This could mean that instead of sitting at home innocently watching Bruce Lee movies and trying to buy drugs over the internet, you could find yourself stuck behind a till in Spar fending off junkies and marauding British hen parties.

The best thing to do is to apply for jobs that are advertised in the business section of the Irish Times, The Financial Times or better still, the Economist. Here you will find vacancies for fully qualified actuaries, UN Secretary General and plenty of other completely unattainable jobs. Just to make sure you don't accidentally end up in a position of extreme responsibility, make sure your letter is handwritten and has at least two curry stains on it.

Alternately you can write into us and we'll tell you to fuck off no bother. Just reply to one of the ads below.

Internet Watchdog required to ensure that employees of The Slate are not downloading child porn or infringing copyright while they surf the web.

Fridge operator required for thriving office environment. Must have own fridge.

Aug 23-26
The Dublin Gay and Lesbian Film Festival is happening. Watch out

24 Aug
Mediocrity ahoy as the Stereophonics and the Charlatans take over Slane Castle.

Tabloid Watch

Youth under curfew for 'tormenting people' claims he was
I'M SUING STATE AFTI
GARDAI MADE
MY LIFE HELL
Arrest after 'nice arse' remark

Liberal Madness at the Sunday World

There were many eyebrows raised around the country when the Sunday World printed a piece on the cops last month that did not portray them as fine, honest athletic heroes who should be awarded with medals every time they step outside the station. Ireland's craziest tabloid paper ran a story about a seventeen year old boy who was apparently assaulted by the cops for saying that a passing ban Garda had a nice arse.

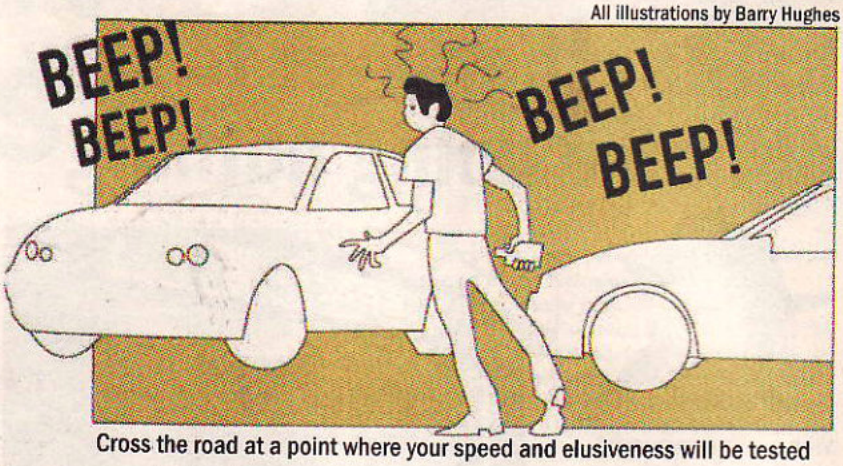
While this remark was probably blatantly untrue, the fine strapping male pig who was walking with the ban Garda turned around and punched the scrawny 17 year-old in the face, before hauling him down to the local station in Clones, Co. Monaghan. He emerged from his detention with mysterious swelling to his face, bruising to his ribs and four charges of public order offences and one for assaulting a Garda. He alleges he had the shit kicked and punched out of him by several Gardai while in a cell in Clones.

This is not the first time that Quigley has emerged from a Garda station with injuries which he didn't have when he first went in. In October of last year, he had his arm broken in a cell in Monaghan. He complained to the Garda Complaints Board, but amazingly, they alleged that there was not enough evidence to forward to the DPP. On top of all this, Quigley and his father are further alleging that the cops have been verbally abusing the kid on the street, and planning to sue the state as a result of Karl's treatment from the cops.

SAFETY FIR

Reckless carry-on is one of the great killers in our society. This guide to safe living should be read by every sane person

All illustrations by Barry Hughes



Cross the road at a point where your speed and elusiveness will be tested

With a shocking number of people burning to death in household fires, builders falling off high scaffolding like skittles and drunken carnage on our roads, the Slate feels it is time to put an end to all of this unnecessary suffering. With full backing from the Department of Health and Safety, The EU and the Marie Keating Cancer Fund, the Slate is providing her readers with this crucial guide.

Safety must begin in the home. If children are not taught about the dangers of the modern world at an early age, they'll end up like Christopher Reeves or Michael Hutchence.

Family holidays, trips to McDonalds, and even watching the World Cup can turn into a tragic disaster.

Similarly, in the workplace, if employees feel safe, morale will remain high and they will perform better, and it will also make it much more difficult to make claims - always very annoying if you are an employer.

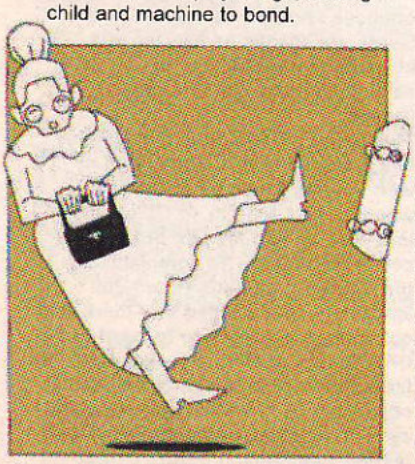
Without further ado, we invite you to examine this carefully and fill in the questions as best you can.

Answers will be supplied next month.

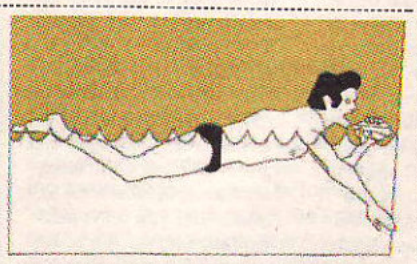
Household Safety

Wise ways must be first learned in the home. Teach your children these essential tips and they'll be fine

1. If there are small children in the house, be sure to acquaint them with household appliances such as the Magimix and the iron from an early age. The best way to do this is to plug in the mechanism, plonk the toddler down beside it and disappear off for the afternoon to play bridge, leaving child and machine to bond.



Always keep skateboards near old people



Never go hungry while you are swimming

2. The best way to make kids realise the dangers of the modern house is to throw them in at the deep end. Show them the pitfalls of the skateboard by sitting them on one at the top of a steep flight of stairs and standing back to see what happens.

3. Fires are one of the most serious risks to any household. It is important to take the following precautaions: Always smoke in bed. Leave chip pans unattended for long periods of time. Don't bother fixing dodgy looking plug sockets - it's a waste of time, money and they're usually fine.

4. The bathroom can be a source of great danger unless it is properly organised. Let your children broaden their minds be leaving Prozac, sleeping pills and pills that look like sweets in accessible places around the loo. Razors should always be left strewn around on the ground in case your kid needs a quick shave.

Safety at work

Follow our advice so you don't die on the job:

1. Lift with your back.

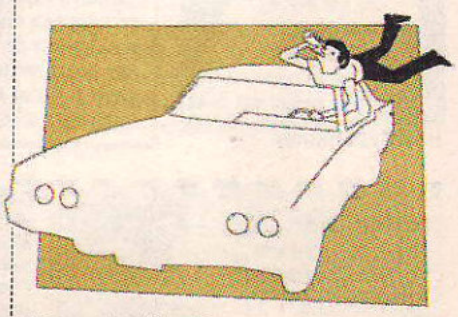
2. Wear a blind fold when climbing high ladders - that way you won't be frightened, no matter how high you go.

3. When sitting at your desk, lean your chair back and rest on the two back legs as regularly as possible. This will improve your balance and will also impress your boss if he or she is looking on.

4. Slide down the banisters of any available flight of stairs when leaving work. As well as giving out an impression of job satisfaction, it will keep the banister shiny.

Safety on the roads

In this year of terror and death on Irish roads, the Slate is urging people - for God's sake - to be responsible when driving. If you find yourself drunk when coming out of the pub, do not go near your car. Instead stagger out into the middle of the road and stop any car you think looks like a taxi. Shout loudly in the window of the vehicle and abuse the driver if he does not give you a lift for free. If you can't get a taxi immediately, go to the nearest chipper and have some curry chips - than you'll be fine for the drive home.



Always drive like this

ST

Safety Quiz

Parents, where is the correct place for a child to be in the car when you are driving?

1. **In the back seat**
2. **In the front seat**
3. **In the boot**
4. **On the dashboard**

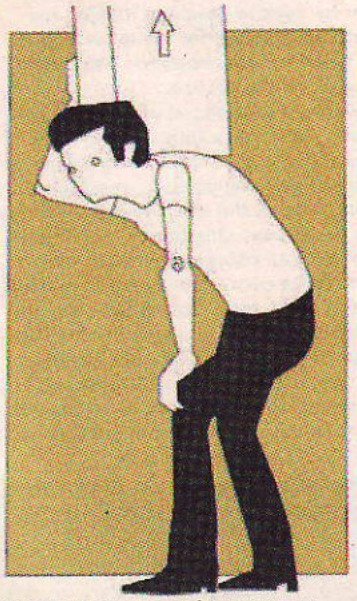
What should you do if you smell gas in a room?

1. **Ignore it, it will go away.**
2. **Close all doors and windows and lock your cat in the room for an hour or two**
3. **Let off fireworks**

Domesticate your children early

Where should you install a smoke alarm in your house?

1. **In the kitchen**
2. **In the oven**
3. **On the roof**



This is the correct lifting posture

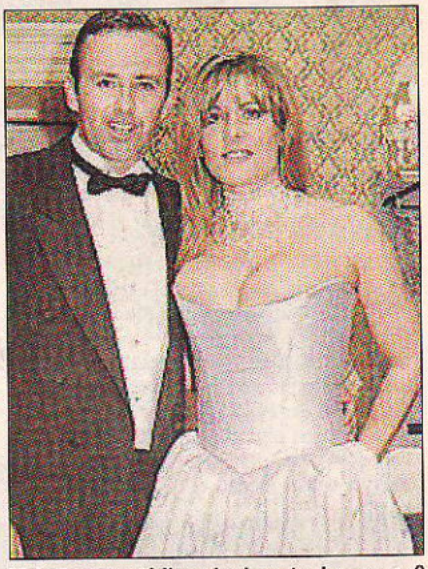
Dickhead Doormen Left Counting the Cost

Thuggish Bouncers have landed Lillie's with a bill of almost 30 Grand

LILLIE'S BORDELLO, the nightclub for celebrities and assholes, was dragged through the courts last month after its bouncers got caught behaving like gorillas on steroids.

The courteous security men were done for refusing to let a group of people in and then savagely attacking two of them when they dared to question the bouncers' authority. Valerie Roe (the usual bitch in charge of the front door at Lilies) was absent on the night in question, so a suitable replacement had been found for her - Dino Vidan, a former commando in the Yugoslav army.

According to the bouncers, a group of four people came up to the door and tried to get into the club. Obviously they weren't stupid-looking enough for Lillie's, and a bouncer told them it was "members only tonight". Then Vincent Lawlor, one of the group, turned to another bouncer and said: "This arsehole won't let me in. Can you let me in?" Nothing wrong with that. But this wasn't how the bouncers saw it. Two of them decided to jump in, Garda-style, and pin Vincent to the ground while Dangerous Dino and another bouncer gave him a severe shoeing in the head, chest and arms. Meanwhile, another gent, Jonathan Dargan was introducing Vincent's wife Pamela to the Lillie's code of chivalry. This involved pinning her arms behind her back and hoisting her a few feet up in the air.



Valerie, some idiot who is not a bouncer, & two things which apparently are breasts

The bouncers talked a lot of guff in court about how they were responding to a dangerous situation, etc., etc.. But Judge Joseph Mathews was having none of it and he ordered Lillie's to pay the Lawlors compensation of over €27,000. He also said that the bouncers' "response was an over-reaction by a team which acted more like a commando unit responding to an urgent situation than a group which should have applied diplomacy, tact and communications skills to diffuse a situation they saw as threatening."

Clubbing.Gone

Ireland's very own Tits 'n' Pills magazine has thanfully bitten the dust

The first ever magazine devoted to madoutofit Irish culchies went bust last month - just months after winning a 'prestigious' prize in the absolutely shit Smirnoff Dance Music Awards. Clubbing.com announced that "due to current economic conditions, lower than expected advertising and copy sales and the high costs associated with producing a monthly glossy" they would not be bringing out any more issues of their confusing publication.

The magazine was started up in November last year with a target market which consisted of people who took E in the town disco before going home to rape the family cat.

Unlike the slickly-run Slate, each issue of Clubbing.com was thrown together in a panic by culchies with a minimal grasp of the English language. The Galway-based magazine will be primarily remembered for its bad writing, terrible jokes and a policy of having at least one spelling mistake in each sentence.

Clubbing.com was also notoriously slow at paying its contributors, and many leading lights on the Irish dance music scene are worried that they mightn't get paid for several issues of their mediocre work.

The desperate owners are currently trying to flog off their website of the same name, but nobody is interested in buying it.

No gimmick was spared

BREAKING & ENTERING

Liven up your dull summer by trespassing on somebody else's Private Property

NOW THAT the Minister for Health is threatening to revert alcohol curfews back to the way they were in the Stone Age, people will be emerging from the pub at a much earlier time. And what is there to do then? Go to the chipper and start a fight? Watch Big Brother? Go back to somebody's house and drink whiskey from cups until somebody pisses on a curtain and everyone gets fucked out by the angry host?

All of these options are truly miserable, so in the first of a one part series, the Slate will examine ways to pass the period in between half eleven and the time you fall unconscious drunk at 5AM: This month - trespassing.

Trespassing has long been a popular pastime in the States and in France, where 'urban explorers', as they are euphemistically known head off into areas not designed for public usage. Places like Detroit or Paris are riddled with abandoned factories, unused underground waterways and catacombs. In Dublin, on the other hand, it seems that the nearest thing we have to any of this is the odd rat infested building site or the weirdo-filled St. Stephen's Green.

All the same, there are plenty of decent places around Dublin that you can enter illegally without having to execute a dangerous James Bond style operation.

■ Cranes

THERE ARE lots of building sites around town which can be broken into at night with ease. However, all you'll find in them are pools of rainwater, copies of the Sun and the odd human shit that a builder may have left behind him. No decent nooks, crannies or underground tunnels that they have in other countries. However, it is possible to have some fun in a building site - just climb up one of those big cranes that never appear to be used at all. This is best done - as is most trespassing - after a couple of drinks. Once at the top, you can shout obscenities, wave at people far below, and then phone 999 and wait for the fire brigade to rescue you.

Layabout Anarchists wrecking a beautiful golf course

■ Fitzwilliam Square

OUR CITY is an overcrowded, polluted shithole full of angry businessmen and ugly teenagers, and there are precious few city centre spaces for the decent humans to get away from such people and chill out for a while. How lucky we are then, to have a nice, tree-filled park in the middle of town that is owned by a conglomerate of rich cunts who refuse to let the public set foot in it. This is the case with Fitzwilliam Square in Dublin 2. During sunny lunch times, hundreds of depressed people in suits can be found on a break from their soul-destroying jobs, walking along the pavement eating bad O'Brien's sandwiches or sitting in shitty restaurants. Meanwhile, Fitzwilliam Square - complete with grass tennis court - remains completely empty for the entire year, just so Tony O'Reilly and the other co-owners of the park can show it off to their mates. This is the perfect spot for some trespassing - and while you're at it, a bit of criminal damage too. Bring in a trowel some night and carve "TONY O'REILLY IS A CUNT" into the tennis court and see how he likes that the next time he's in town.

■ The Old Head of Kinsale Golf Club

This may not be situated in Dublin, but it is noteworthy as one of the most sustained and public bits of trespassing to have gone on in Ireland over the past couple of years. The walk along the Old Head of Kinsale in Cork was a local beauty spot for hundreds of years. However, it was bought recently by some fucker who decided to turn it into an exclusive golf course to which rich and famous assholes can arrive by helicopter, play golf badly for an hour and then fly back to continue fucking the world up. Not bad for the owners, but not good for non-members who aren't allowed on the course.

However, a whole load of middle-class Dublin Anarchists with nothing to do got wind of it, and have been deliberately organising trespassing sessions down there to the disgust of the owners and the Gardai. One handy technique they've been using is that of throwing old carpets over barbed wire to make it safe to climb over. Locals took the golf course owners to court, but some cunt judge sided with the fat cats. However, the trespassing is still going ahead. The next session happens on June 30, with a bus leaving from outside the City Hall Library in Cork city at 12pm.

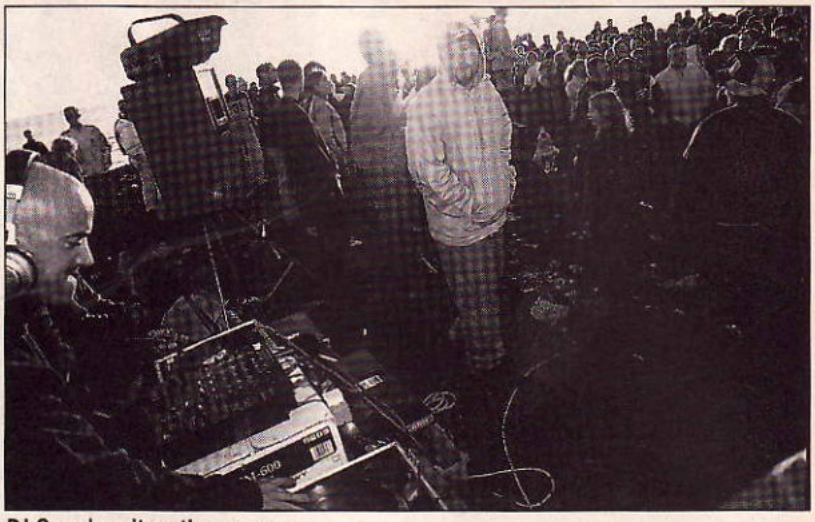
What to do if you get caught trespassing

1. Claim you are the owner of the property and order your interrogator off the land.
2. Ask, in broken English, for directions to the Book of Kells.

SPAZ GUIDE TO: FREE PARTIES

Freezing, frightening and full of lunatics: all night raves are a great laugh altogether

Photo by Lee Gallagher



DJ Gurn lays it on the masses

WITH SUMMER upon us, the outdoor party season is well and truly underway. These illegal gatherings usually involve several hundred, sometimes even over a thousand people heading out to some obscure part of the wilderness and having an all night rave. To the normal punter, this sounds like a daft plan, but if you look at the shocking state of most Dublin night spots, it makes some sense. Most clubs in the capital are dank hellholes, full of dealers who will rip you off, ugly skinny drug addicts and muso anoraks who tut loudly at anybody who looks like they're enjoying themselves. By the time you leave the pub and pay in, the bouncers will already be pressuring the DJ to play his last tune so they can start trying to turf people out and pick fights. Great fun.

Thus, any chance to have a beach party is jumped at and, if well-organised, these things are usually a good laugh.

The programme goes as follows. People generally spend a week gossiping and speculating wrongly about where the rave is going to take place. On the night it is to happen, groups pack themselves into a car and head off to try and find the party. Usually they will get lost down some long country boreen, try and get directions from some suspicious farmer, and eventually arrive at the beach where their car will immediately become stuck in the sand.

The organisers can be spotted immediately as they will be running around with stressed heads, telling people on E to get down off speakers, and fussing around the generator like anxious mechanics.

For a good few hours, everything will go fine, providing the cops don't come to break things up at the behest of uptight locals. It's dark, nobody can see who else is at the rave, and everybody will be on enough drugs to keep out the cold.

Then the sun comes up, and people start to get edgy as they realise they're on a cold bit of beach at 9am surrounded by frightening looking crazy bastards. Things gradually fizzle out then, and the police generally arrive and tell everyone to go home. This year, one of Dublin's main beach party organisers has called it a day, but there still should be plenty going on.

Beware a Booze Law Backlash

Micheal Martin has got completely carried away with himself and is now suggesting that anyone who tries to have fun should be imprisoned

IRELAND'S MAD Minister for Health is trying to turn our nation into an even worse place to live in. Off-the-wall Micheal Martin admitted last month that he wants to plunge this country back into the drinking Dark Ages.

Responding to statistics which show Irish people up as the worst drunks in Europe, Martin suggested bringing back the ridiculous pub closing times that were in force until two years ago.

This would mean pubs shutting at 11.30 every night of the week, and a possible return to the bizarre 'winter closing hours' scenario which forced bar owners to call it a night even earlier during the most miserable months of the year.

"The experts here tell us and the experience internationally was, that the greater the availability, the greater the consumption," moaned the Minister, "and the greater the consumption the greater the harm."

Booze drinking in Ireland went up by 40% between 1989 and 1999. And while we were busy having a good time, the rest of Europe was easing off the grog, with 10 of the squarer EU countries actually reducing the amount of alcohol they drank.

Martin went on to say that "legislation introduced by the Government to extend licensing hours would have to be reviewed".

Pubs are currently allowed stay open until 12.30 on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights.

But if culchie-boy Martin gets what he wants we will once again be battling our way to the bar at 11.25pm, and lining up 4 pints to be horsed down during the half-an-hour 'drinking up time'.

The Minister for No-Fun also said that there are "enough drinking outlets" in Ireland now - ensuring that we are all herded into superpubs to drink like cattle for the foreseeable future.

The bottom line is: who gives a toss about a couple of old drunks down the country, once young people in Dublin get proper access to alcohol and its associated activities whenever we feel like it.

Mad Micheal out on the piss

TOURIST GUIDE TO: GALWAY

The City of the Tribes gets a lot of good press, but anyone who has been there will disagree

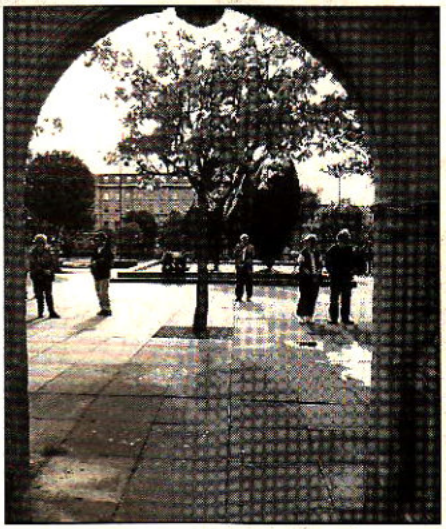
The common perception of Galway is of a small but exciting city with a vibrant arts scene and a friendly populace that likes nothing more than sitting down to a nice pint of Guinness and discussing GAA and horseracing. The first of these twee notions is generally spread by the Irish Times Arts pages - a miserable section aimed at middle aged Protestants - and by people who only visit the city during the Galway Arts Festival and spend most of their time sheltering in theatres and expensive restaurants. The latter is spread by Bord Failte and tightfisted biddies who own small B&Bs in the Salthill area of the 'City of the Tribes'.

The Slate Travel page would like to remind anybody thinking of heading West that Galway is a deeply backward, underdeveloped place. It is full of people with medieval morals who like nothing better than gambling on dog fights and going on week-long whiskey binges during which they commit unspeakable crimes which they claim to have no memory of when up in court the following month. As well as this, most of the British New Age Traveller community who left England after the Criminal Justice Act seem to have decamped to Galway where they have been growing marijuana and drawing the dole ever since. The sad reality is you will find more pleasant people in an internet child-porn ring.

Judge John Garavan

The two main attractions for Galway are the Arts Festival and the Race Week, both of which occur over the next two months. They attract opposite yet equally diabolical elements of Irish society. At the Arts festival you will find snobbish Dublin hippies, but let us not waste space on them. The real action can be found at the Races. As well as a plethora of Jackie Healy Rea types working in the stables and selling mars bars in prams outside the grounds, the meetings attract a tacky selection of nouveau rich idiots who relish any occasion to show everyone how vulgar they are.

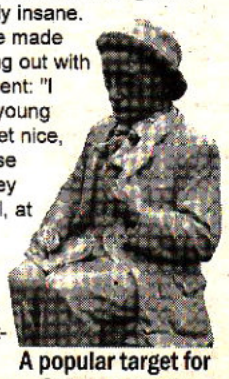
High in the boxes are the over-madeup housewives, who spend the afternoon drinking gin, talking about their recent liposuction operations and admiring each other's monstrous hats. Down with the touts are their vulgar, immoral husbands who lose money betting on their own horses and try to cheat each other out of paying for rounds of drink. And of course, there are the horses, shitting everywhere with fear at the prospect of being beaten and whipped around a racecourse by anorexic little men as the crowd howls with delight every time one of them falls at a fence. And as if Galway itself wasn't bad enough, the trip there is usually about as enjoyable as being run over by a tank. Usually it will involve a long, uncomfortable train journey during which the unfortunate traveler will be threatened and intimidated by groups of mustachioed teenagers drinking bottles of Budweiser and smoking Benson and Hedges cigarettes. The toilet facilities resemble sewage pits and even a junkie would have second thoughts about using them.



The breakdancing area on Eyre Square

Once off the train you will find yourself in Eyre Square, easily the most dangerous place in Ireland. The square itself is dominated by unsanitary public toilets, which recently became so overrun with under-age rent boys that the local county council had to close them down. During the day it is filled with tired, confused tourists and crusty buskers, and at night you can expect plenty of flashers and junkies shooting up, as well as gangs of violent men who enjoy beating people up for no reason. Eyre Square also boasts one of the most depressing shopping centres in the world, which sells nothing except cheap shoes.

The Galway judiciary has been making the news over the past couple of years or so, courtesy of Judge John Garavan, an outrageous old man who is probably insane. About two years ago he made the headlines for coming out with this enlightened statement: "I hear from respectable young men that they can't meet nice, respectable girls in these nightclubs. The girls they meet there are dreadful, at least that is what I am told," the judge said when refusing the extension of late opening hours already granted to one Galway club.

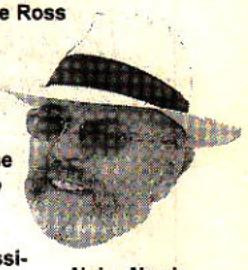


A popular target for Galway vandals

Election Alert!

WATCH OUT readers. You may think that the election season is over and you can now go about your business without being molested and delayed by politicians. But another election campaign is taking place as you peruse this article. This time it's for the Seanad, our pointless imitation of the irrelevant House of Lords.

The Seanad is full of people who cannot believe they have managed to fluke their way into a €25,000 a year job which involves snoozing all day in comfortable chairs and talking absent-mindedly about their obscure hobbies. The chamber operates like a secondary school classroom, with more established senators like David Norris, Shane Ross and Feargal Quinn all sitting at the back, laughing at everyone else and trying to disrupt proceedings as much as possible.

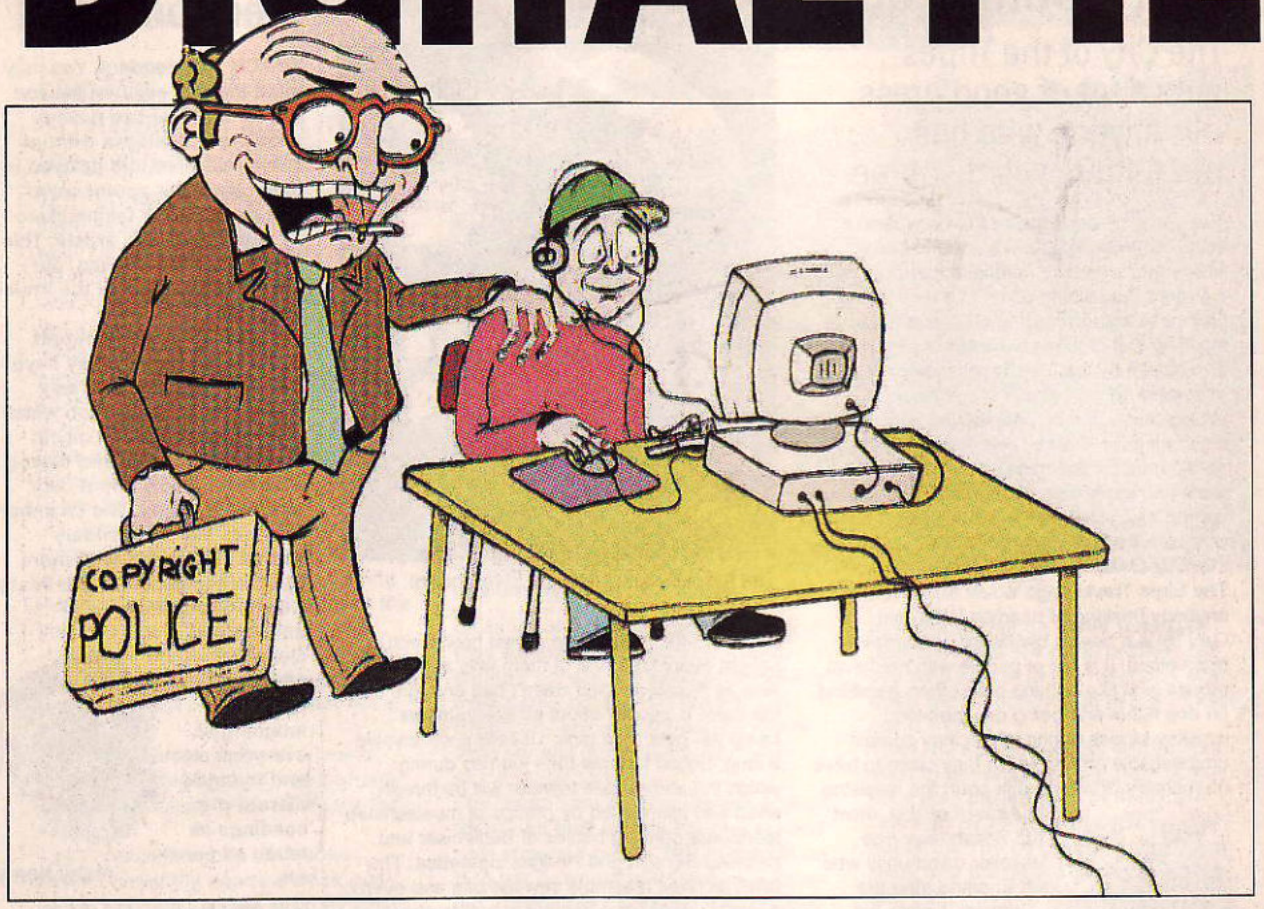


Noisy Norris

Our 'Upper House' also has a healthy smattering of horrible young politicians, who are too shit to get into the Dail, but want to practice their debating and lying skills in a non-threatening environment. In the vague hope that senior party members are tuning in to watch them on Oireachtas Report, these earnest knobs try to start up proper debates by making boring points about things like water supply and fishing tax. Never mind - this inane squeaking is quickly drowned out by guffawing and adolescent jokes from the more experienced members of the Seanad, who have all been hammered on brandy since lunchtime.

Canvassing for the Seanad elections is a skilled business. Plenty of time must be spent at Past Pupils dinners and in the local golf club giving out about refugees and telling bad jokes in a loud voice. The Slate's advice is, if any of these cunts come near you over the next month, start speaking like you grew up in a caravan and they will clear off fairly quickly.

DIGITAL PIL



In spite of Napster being nobbled by the courts, there is still plenty of free music on the web

WHEN NAPSTER burst onto the scene a couple of years ago, we were suddenly presented with the glorious scenario of free music being readily available on the internet. Fucking great, said everyone. No more CDs that cost €21 and then turn out to have 11 shit songs on them when you get home. No more lining the pockets of record company assholes who spend all day getting their dicks sucked by talentless teenagers.

However it now seems that, to all intents and purpose, Napster is dead and buried. Over the last year and a half, the record companies have hauled it on an exhausting odyssey through the courts. Usually represented by the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA), the major labels have succeeded in hammering Napster into a form that they find acceptable, i.e. one that is absolutely useless to everyone else.

Napster has gone from being a thorn in the side of the music establishment, to agreeing a deal with Bertelsmann, one of the largest media organisations in the world. The upshot of this agreement is that the pair of them will provide a subscription service to what they hope will be a huge market of download-hungry music fans.

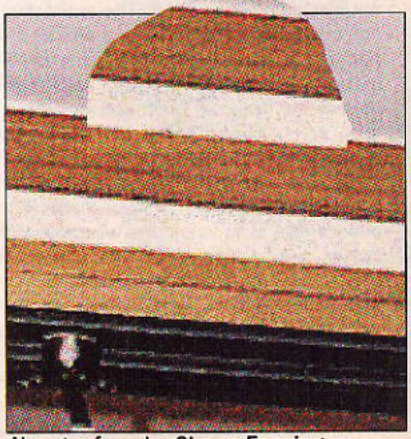
However it is very unlikely that Napster's 60 million former users will have even the remotest interest in paying for this crap new offering.

The main reason for this is that there is a whole new generation of free music sites available. Services like Morpheus, AudioGalaxy and Freenet have taken over where Napster left off, and their 'Peer to Peer' structure makes them far better equipped to resist the challenges of the major record labels.

The main problem for Napster was that users had to go through their central server to search for music. This made the site an easy target for irate record companies and other assholes in the music industry - like Metallica.

This particularly anal bunch of cunts went to the trouble of gathering up the names of 335,000 people who had downloaded their songs off Napster. They put all this information into 30 cardboard boxes and delivered it to bemused staff at Napster headquarters in California, insisting that all of these 'thieves' be banned from using Napster in future. Leaving aside the fact that these people were presumably Metallica fans and deserved it anyway, this surely constitutes one of the most astonishing sellouts in the history of rock music.

Then, when the last Manic Street Preachers album (Know Your Enemy) ended up all over Napster weeks before its release date last year, Sony freaked out and started issuing Napster with vicious legal threats. The upshot of this was that all users who had been accused of illegally sharing Manics files were fucked off the



Napster founder Shawn Fanning

LAGING

Get Your Cheapo Tunes on these sites

■ Morpheus

http://download.com.com/3000-2166-10057840.html?legacy=cnet
Next to Audio Galaxy, Morpheus is your best bet when it comes to even remotely cool music. Especially good for hip-hop (don't type Eminem in the search box unless you want your computer to explode) and US music in general, it has flexible search criteria, plenty of info on each file, and fast downloads. Also - very handy, this - if the wankstain you were downloading from logs off out of spite before you're finished, Morpheus will automatically find another and continue.

■ WinMX

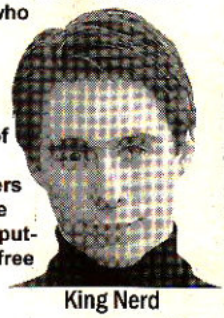
http://www.winmx.com/download/
This little cracker offers both a peer-to-peer network and a central server. WinMX has the highest amount of compressed full album files around, some of them downloading at an astonishingly fast 15 minutes. However, this is only of use if you want to download full albums of American horseshite or Dadrock. Can also take so long to connect to the network that you might as well have gone out and bought the fucking album.

■ Audio Galaxy

http://www.audiogalaxy.com The baddest pimp on the planet. Audio Galaxy has a central server but on requesting a file, it invariably refers you to a peer 2 peer option. For dance music, there's nothing to touch it - everything from techno to house to drum n bass, whether it's ancient classics or bang up to date, can be found. Downloads are fast and are given reliable five star ratings. Currently being heavily bullied by the RIAA, so steam in there now before it gets offed...

■ Freenet

http://freenetproject.org
This peer to peer malarkey was more or less invented by a mischievous computer scientist from Meath called Ian Clarke (right), who named it FreeNet. While the noble intention behind FreeNet was to allow distribution of any material between its members through pooling the power of their computers in the name of free speech, this doesn't get in the way of it being a savage way to snaffle mp3s for nothing.



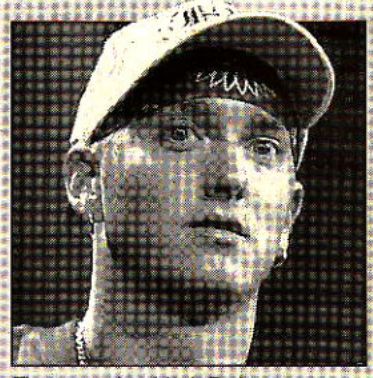
King Nerd

■ XoloX

http://www.xolox.nl/download.html
It may have a ridiculous name but this P2P application is set to muscle in on both Morpheus and Audio Galaxy's turf if the heat on them gets any worse. Extremely user-friendly and fast with a wide enough range of music available at any given time. It claims to be able to find anything you want if you leave it on long enough and nerds all over the world have been singing its praises in polls. Download it before the bastards at the RIAA catch wind of it.

ASSHOLE MUSICANS

These are some of the sellout cunts that have been crying about all the money they lose because of free MP3s



That moaning bitch Eminem

"Most people would not dream of stealing a CD from their local record store. In the same way we don't think it's cool to go cyber shoplifting." Fuck you Jim Corr.

"Whoever put my shit on the internet, I want to meet that motherfucker and beat the shit out of him, because I picture this scrawny little dickhead going, 'I got Eminem's new CD! I'm going to put it on the internet!' I think that anybody who tries to make excuses for that shit is a fucking bitch." Eminem talking with record company electric prod up his hole.

"We take our craft very seriously, and it is therefore sickening to know that our art is being traded like a commodity. From a business standpoint, this is about piracy - taking something that doesn't belong to you - and that is morally and legally wrong. This is, in effect, trading in stolen goods". Lars Uhlrich from Metallica.

Napster network. The next time they tried to log on for some free tunes, they were issued with the following unpleasant statement: "Your Napster account has been blocked pursuant to a Notification of Alleged Infringement under the Digital Millennium Copyright Act (DMCA) filed against you by Sony Music Entertainment UK." For a while, these people also faced the possibility of legal action from Sony.

The new generation of file-swapping software seems to be far more resistant to these obnoxious bullying tactics though. You had to keep going back to the Napster site every time you wanted more music, and the health of the whole operation therefore depended on Napster being fully functional and not in the process of getting sued to fuck. In contrast, the only part that most of the operators listed here play in the file-sharing process is at the start. They give you the software you need to communicate with their members and then tell you to piss off and fend for yourself.

Instead of going through a central server every time you want to search for something, Peer to Peer services allow your computer to talk directly to all the other PCs on the network.

You send out a message saying that you are looking for a certain file (song, movie, book, etc.) and the software hops from one PC to another (very quickly) until it has compiled a list of all the matches available. This all happens without your search being channeled through any central computer, which means that if fucking tossers like Metallica want to stop people sharing files, they will have to do as they threatened and actually "start knocking on doors and confiscating hard drives." (what an incredible bunch of motherfuckers)

The software is still working its way through the teething stages, so it is unclear exactly how Peer to Peer download sites are likely to develop. But one thing seems certain: record companies' ability to dictate how people consume their music looks to be on the wane, and stealing music from them will be a viable option for quite some time yet. As a celebration of this fantastic development, we've put together a short guide to a few of these Peer-to-Peer services.

Out & About

ONCE-OFF CLUBBING 18
Derrick May, Mr C, Andy Weatherall, a DJ set from Orbital and some deck wizardry from Q-Bert make for a busy enough month in clubbing.

REGULAR CLUBBING 18
There is a definite slump taking place in clubland right now. But we're still out there reviewing every shit night the city has to offer

LIVE MUSIC 33
The overblown Witnness extravaganza (featuring Bobby Gillespie, right, and Primal Scream) is on this month, but there's not a whole lot else taking place

CINEMA..... . . 38
Our cinema section has gone on a severe slimming section this month. Look out for Biggie and Tupac

Moany May

Bonny Bobbie

Naomi is informed of the unbecoming hole in the back of her skirt

Ticket Competitions

Win tickets to go and see Shamrock Rovers play in the rain next season - just send us an email (hoops@theslate.ie) with a picture of Roy Keane kissing Mick McCarthy attached.

Once-off Clubbing

GAY PRIDE
FRIDAY & SATURDAY 28 & 29 JUNE
TIVOLI **€TBC**

Flamer night supreme, as Dublin's Gay community gang up on the straights throughout the weekend for the Pride march, after which they'll all pile into the Tivoli to tut-tut at the disgusting décor. Given that the promoters have not even confirmed the DJ line up as we go to press, one can assume that this isn't your typical DJ-focused night at the Tivoli, more a general knees-up for the lads and lassies from The Other Side. High camp anthems are likely to be the order of the day. Go if you're gay, you like watching men in beat-on pink t-shirts waving cigarettes around and screaming, or you fancy being elbowed out of the way to the bar by moustachio'd dykes.

JOHN CECCHINI
SATURDAY 29 JUNE
TEMPLE THEATRE **€16**

Two to three years ago, John Cecchini was fulfilling a role as cash cow for promoter Pat O' Keeffe. Since he was guaranteed to pack out the Temple every time he played, Fat Pat proceeded to milk the Cecchini name to death. Big John had a habit of playing the same delightful tunes every time he appeared (including such 'classics' as Skydive Freefall and the execrable trance mix of The Power Of Love), while shouting "Oi Oi Dublin" or "Come On You Sexy Bastards" over the mike whenever he missed a mix, it was easy to see why he was so revered. Fortunately he's been found out and his appearances around here have dried up quicker than a granny who's forgotten to take her HRT.

JON CARTER
SATURDAY 29 JUNE
SPIRIT **€TBC**

The once-great Jon Carter is back to bore the fuck out of us in Dublin's spankiest new joint, Spirit. When the glorious eclecticism of his 95-99 era sets was abruptly replaced by unfriendly tribal and tech-house marathons, many devotees were still willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. By now, and with the release of his Bugged Out compilation mix album (more of the same), most of them will have given up on him. Not that he gives a boiled shite, having joined the Tongy Sebby Fatboy UK major league years ago and gained a larger and infinitely less discerning audience in the process. It's not bad, but it's just not that good either.

DJ Q
FRIDAY 05 JULY
VOODOO **€10**

In the last six months of The Kitchen's celebrated Slide Into Shite, one of the only nights worth bothering your hole with was Bodytonic on Sundays. A relaxed house and disco session with the odd well-chosen guest (such as Luke Solomon last Halloween), it's not surprising they've resurfaced. Just a shame it's in a god-forsaken bar like The Voodoo Lounge. Glasgow's Paul Flynn aka DJ Q is a rare visitor to Dublin, probably because his singular brand of gentle, Detroit-influenced disco futurism doesn't fit neatly into any of the city's current whims. His tendency to ruin otherwise fantastic grooves - like 1997s We Are One - by letting fellow Glaswegian poet Willie Hall recite po-faced poetry in a see-you-jimmy accent all over them can be forgiven as long as he doesn't bring the fucker with him tonight. Recommended

TODD CHRISTENSEN
FRIDAY 05 JULY
MONO €TBC

A complete fucking nobody whom no-one has even heard of in his hometown of San Francisco. The only person that seems to know who he is is John Digweed, who put one of Todd Christensen's tunes on a recent Bedrock compilation. Don't let this bad news put you off him though - he's a fantastic house DJ with the ability to go from featherlight Latin house to psychedelic tech-grooves with plenty of that bass and bongos San Fran flavour. Under the aliases B Smiley and General Midi he also knocks out quality deep house and breaks tracks and while over here will be playing at Switch's Friday night breakbeat headquarters, Food (date TBC). Recommended.

FRANK JEZ
SUPPORT FROM KARLOS
FRIDAY 05 JULY
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

Although the volume of rnb nights which were available to jiggy-minded punters in Dublin this time last year has somewhat scaled back, two of the best nights are still the Pod's Thursday night Vibe and the Temple Theatre's Friday night party Rhythm Corporation. That's why it's nice to see the resident DJs of both clubs team up tonight in the Temple for a cracking double header. Frank Jez is the mainman at Vibe and although hip-hop is clearly where his heart lies, he never lets his love of flamboyant scratch techniques obscure his razor-sharp dancefloor instincts. Karlos will complement him perfectly in a warm-up capacity and the whole thing should be a ball.

CJ BOLLAND
SUPPORT FROM AL-HILALY
SATURDAY SADEGH 06 JULY
RED BOX €15.90

Anglo-Belgian techno twat C. J. Bolland has been around far too long for anyone's good. His 1996 abortion Sugar is Sweeter (a blatant re-mangling of The Prodigy's Poison) is without doubt the single most annoying dance track ever released, and his DJ sets are a convincing argument for vinyl recycling. Bolland's last visit was on Paddy's Day in Mono, and no doubt gave some people far worse hangovers than any booze could inflict. Making this gig even worse is the apparent absence of Gedge and Gint, who usually support Bolland here in Dublin - at least they have a notion of what techno is supposed to sound like. The fact that support DJ Sadagh Al-Hilaly is just some gimp from Bolland's UK booking agency makes the outlook even bleaker.

Body and Soul give the Dice another Roll

DANNY KRIVIT
FRIDAY 05 JULY
RED BOX €20.90

LAST MONTH saw Danny Krivit's DJing partner, Joe Clausell make a first ever Dublin appearance at the Red Box. This was a brave move by promoters Soul Patrol to expose a wider audience to their specialist fare of New York house and gospel garage. Joe, Danny and Francois Kevorkian are the resident DJs at New York's Body And Soul night at Twilo. On paper, the club sounded like a resting home for New York relic jocks who were big in the early 80s but then faded with the dawn of house music and the rise of UK/European club culture. But against the odds, Twilo spearheaded a renaissance in both pre-house grooves and the American spiritual aesthetic of clubbing. This was in no small part due to the depth and quality of Krivit's clubbing apprenticeship.

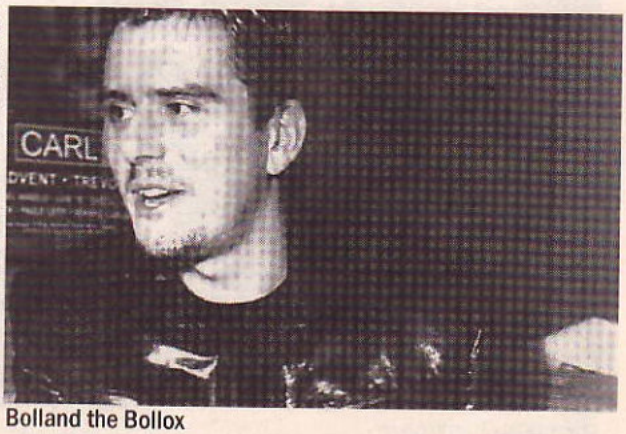
His stepfather ran a downtown celebrity hangout for which he was making tapes by the age of 14 and was lucky enough to experience that most seminal of New York clubbing experiences, The Loft, run by DJ David Mancuso. Body and Soul has often been compared to the Paradise Garage but in fact, it is closer to The Loft in terms of vibe and spirituality, and Mancuso's emphasis on song selection over beat-mixing is an ethos that all three Body and Soul DJs have stayed true to.

Auld Danny

Krivit's eclectic pre-house sensibilities (like Clausell's) may be alien to Dubliners steeped in the UK/European 'avin' it model of clubbing, but Soul Patrol must be commended for trying to introduce a different flavour to the capital and fair play to the Red Box for housing it. Fine house music and more, played with evangelical attitude.

AUSTIN TANNEY
SUPPORT FROM DEAN SHERRY AND BARRY DEMPSEY
SATURDAY 06 JULY
SWITCH €13

Austin Tanney is the bespectacled boss of Norn Iron's Slide Recordings and looks more like a librarian than a DJ. Don't let that put you off, however - this man is not just a baldy techno nerd with a small lad and a large record collection. His label, on which he releases his own work and a bit of stuff by his mates, has been doing the business for the likes of Laurent Garnier, Justin Robertson and countless well known international DJs. Slide's melodic 'tech-house' tracks have been improving with each release, and Tanney's latest track, Don't Sit Around, a collaboration with fellow nordy Phil Kieran, is their best yet. Don't miss it.

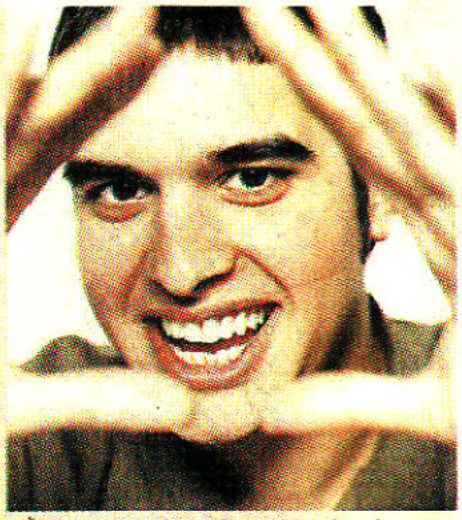


Bolland the Bollox

Check this Ghetto Tech Soundsystem Showdown

BOOTY BASS NIGHT FEATURING ARVEENE VS. DJ SCOPE

SATURDAY 06 JULY
SHELTER €10



Insert your arse here: Booty bass boy Arveene

HERE'S A novel one. Up until now, Arveene could be considered the perfect cliché of a jobbing Dublin all-purpose leftfield DJ. A few breaks here, a little downtempo noodling there, a touch of hip-hop... all fitting in perfectly with whoever he's supporting. The end result is that he has quietly become one of Dublin DJing's success stories over the past few years. From his early days as the resident at Electrode in suburban Clondalkin, through Influx taking him under their wing, to his current ubiquity on all variety of bills, Arveene is the original boy done good.

This success is in part down to his talents as a chameleon (and some smart operating) so he's not a DJ you could imagine sticking his neck out for a particular kind of music. However, this gig would seem to suggest that you'd be wrong there. Arveene and his Booty Shake Sound System (DJ Scope cutting over the mix, ex Third Eye Surfer MC Poetic and some big booty dancers) are about to stick their necks out for the most exclusively headwrecking, antisocial strain of dance to assail us in years.

Known as Booty Bass or Ghetto Tech (or, as one Dublin DJ memorably named it, Detroit Slapper Music), the sound of Detroit's ghetto parties is, well, challenging. Toytown electro rhythms speeded up to comedy proportions (some of the tracks verge on 160 bpm) and harsh bass tones overlaid by retarded, misogynistic lyrics ("ride it bitch, ride it bitch" ad nauseum). And all the tracks sound exactly the same. You have to admire the perversity of the man in attempting to subject a Dublin audience to four hours of this stuff when fifteen minutes is usually the homicidal cut-off point. So bonkers it may just work - go along and see.

ANDY C

SATURDAY 13 JULY
TBMC €TBC

Drum n bass has to be one of the best catered-for dance genres in Dublin at the moment, with independent promoters Bassbin and Bass Inc bringing over the fringe artists while this MCD-affiliated Resolution night delivers the big boys. Following well-received gigs from Grooverider and Hype (who returns in August) this month's visitor is Andy C, one half (with Ant Miles) of the legendary and still enduring Ram Records. The duo hit the hardcore scene very hard in 1993 as Origin Unknown with Valley Of The Shadows. That track, with its refracting chimes and spooky 'long dark tunnel' sample, is one of the all time breakbeat classics. Apart from that, Andy has been in the limelight recently with labelmate Shinnon, due to the irresistibly wonky Body Rock - a sort of Flat Eric for junglists. Expect him to dish it out pretty hard and heavy tonight - a bit technical at times but still great fun.

The Orbital baldy boys

ORBITAL DJ SET

SATURDAY 13 JULY
TIVOLI €22.50

Let's be clear about this - this gig is a DJ set by the Orbital brothers Paul and Phil Hartnoll. When recent Tivoli posters shouting Groove Armada (who, like Orbital, are principally known as a live act) boiled down to one member of the group playing records, there's no harm in making this clear. While no-one would argue with the brothers' glittering collection of classic tunes and their outstanding live act, they have zero reputation as DJs with only Paul getting behind the decks occasionally. If that sounds like money well spent to you then be our guest, but it may be far better spent on a copy of their recently released greatest hits album 1989-2002.

SIMON FOY

SATURDAY 13 JULY
TEMPLE THEATRE €16

Glaswegian Simon Foy runs a club in his hometown called Inside Out whose guests are so identical to the Saturday night Temple guests it might make you wonder. (Is there some sinister takeover plan hatching in the minds of those bonkers Italians from BXR Records who hog the decks nearly every weekend?) Flying the flag for tough trance in a city which has been known for its lethal intolerance to anything which falls between funky techno-house and bananas hardcore must be tough, but the clubnight has been a huge success. So too has Simon's 2001 debut release Inside Out, produced by no less than Mauro Picotto and Ricky Effe. Hard-ass trance will be the fare tonight.

SOLAS LAUNCH FEAT. POLSKA

SUPPORT FROM NAPHTA, CON
SATURDAY 13 JULY
SHELTER €10

Bassbin Records are expanding faster than a technohead's trousers in front of a nude photo of Richie Hawtin. Only last month they celebrated the launch of their incognito imprint, Looney Toonz, in The Shelter. This month they're hitting us with another offshoot label, Solas. Based on LTJ Bukem's Good Looking Records model, the label is a far more horizontal affair, concentrating on the kind of jazzy, blissed out drum n bass that can either bring a tear to the eye or bile to the throat, depending on your persuasion. A rare chance in Dublin to step out to the lighter, mellower side of drum n bass, tonight will feature the label's UK signing Polska alongside Bassbin golden boy Naphta.

Lick my boots - Trevor Nelson

STEVE LAWLER
SATURDAY 13 JULY
RED BOX €15.90

Steve Lawler, the darling of the UK tribal scene, is back. It's like he never went away. Those who've been wowed by his Dark Drums CD mix may be disappointed at his infinitely sloppier live mixes and the tendency to throw a big tune into the mix out of desperation. Not that this will matter a shred to the drones who'll flock to the Red Box on the frothy wave of hype being afforded him in the UK press. So, seeing as you'll be reading about him again soon, let's do this quickly and painlessly. Tribal. Billie Jean bootleg. Has a good engineer. Has been in a slump for some time now. Don't go.

MO' HORIZONS
FRIDAY 19 JULY
LOBO €13

These Ultralounge boys have been getting a kick up the hole from us every month since they started, mainly because we're allergic to poncery, especially in the nightmare environs of the cunt-ridden Morrison Hotel. In fairness though, the night seems to be more about downtempo sophistication in a Giles Peterson sort of way, than shitheads from your office dry-humping on the dancefloor to The Theme from The Love Boat. This month sees one half of German chill merchants Mo' Horizons Ralf Droesemeyer making his Irish DJ debut, spinning the sound of their label Stereodeluxe. Jazzy and soulful in a way that may not be very trendy in Dublin at the moment but might be worth checking out as an alternative to the usual Friday night soundtrack.

THE LICK PARTY WITH TREVOR NELSON
SATURDAY 20 JULY
TIVOLI €TBC

Being the prince of roll-necked, Gucci loafer'd rnb supercool, MTV's Trevor Nelson is no doubt appalled at the cut of the ugly Irish people trying to get jiggy to his tunes every time he plays the Temple Theatre. Imagine his disgust tonight when he finds out he's spinning to the same unhealthy fatarses - but in the phenomenally vulgar surroundings of Dublin's favourite 80s suburban disco, The Tivoli. Still, at least his appearance provides some variation in the Tivoli's so-far predominantly house and techno booking policy. No other British DJ spins rnb with quite as much panache as Trevor and you can expect him to throw in a fair smattering of brand new tunes too.

SANDER KLEINENBERG
SATURDAY 20 JULY
RED BOX €15.90

Old Kleinenburger did his bit to help our noble Boys in Blue stamp out underground club culture last time he was over (about three weeks ago, by our reckoning). Following his stint in the Red Box, he was taken to Dublin's new mysterious after-hours club whereupon he pushed his way onto the decks and allegedly sent all the naughty punters home with boredom, thereby saving the Gardai the job of steaming in there and beating them all up with truncheons. The Dutch trancemeister started off being vaguely cool in the early 90s recording for Strictly Rhythm, but has more than made up for that now with a disastrous conga line of bollocky Gatecrasher anthems.

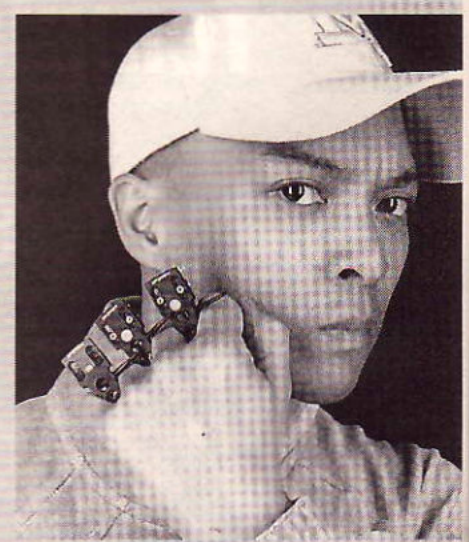
San Fran Skratch Man Hits the Decks in Dublin

Q-BERT
SUNDAY 07 JULY
MONO €16.50

MOST TURNTABLIST fans and many of his scratch DJ peers agree that Richard 'Q-Bert' Quitevis is the man. The San Francisco needle thrasher has won more turntable battles than we've had angry complaints, to the point where he's now only allowed appear as a judge in many of the big ones. So far, these excellent Choice Cuts once-offs in Mono have thrown down the drum n bass radicalism of DJ Craze, the audacious showmanship of DJ Noize and more Scratch Perverts than we care to remember.

Now it's the turn of a true turntable legend who's been leading the way for over 10 years. In 1983, at the age of 13, he absorbed the full future shock of hip-hop when witnessing D.ST scratch live over Rockit at a Herbie Hancock gig. Local hero Mixmaster Mike became his long-time inspiration soon after and Q-Bert has claimed that he only found his own style when Mike left town and he couldn't copy him any more. He teamed up with Mike and fellow Bay Area cutmeister Apollo to form the RockSteady DJs, winning the World DMC Championships in 1991.

An almost agoraphobic insistence on staying inside San Fran meant that he was turntablism's best kept secret until DJ Shadow pushed him into the limelight in 1997, inviting him to cut shreds out of his back catalogue. In the meantime the trio, now re-named Invisible Skratch Piklz were gaining global interest thanks to the internet and the slow, indomitable rise of turntablism. If - like he claims - scratching is a new language, Q-Bert is responsible for more than a few entries in the dictionary. Watch and weep.



Little Q-Bert was practicing too much and the needles got jammed in his hand

Derrick's Mickey in the Elevator Door

DERRICK MAY

SUPPORT FROM: PURE DJS, STEPHEN BROWN LIVE, DECAL DJ SET
FRIDAY 19 JULY
TBMC €17

IF DETROIT techno legend Derrick May's music was really, as he's fond of saying, an attempt to lock George Clinton and Kraftwerk in an elevator, then it's odds on he caught his lad in the doors in the process. Nothing else would explain the amount of squealing he's done about how everyone has fucked up 'his' music over the past ten years.

May has long been dance's reliable rent-a-moan: imagine a mutant cross between a pedantic local councilor and Eddie Murphy. His beef? Drugs are destroying dance music. He reserves exceptional spite for the UK - the very place that made his name - and its endemic, havin' it club culture. None of this sits comfortably with his eulogising of early house nights at the Music Box in Chicago and the Paradise Garage in New York, (both drug-riddled dens of iniquity) and his lionising of their two resident DJs, Ron Hardy and Larry Levan (two of the biggest narcotic casualties that ever walked the earth and now both dead from drug-related illness).

You can't take away his glorious late 80s achievements, which included defining techno with records like Strings Of Life and Icon. But the last DJ gig he played in Dublin, at Tallaght's Basketball Arena in 1994 was a priceless misjudgment on behalf of the promoters. Trapped in a large room with a thousand E'd up skangers hyped to fuck by DJ Pressure's selection of the latest progressive house, May couldn't fail to die gloriously with two hours of meandering Detroit noodling. This time, in the Music Centre surrounded by the slaphead massive, he'd better show us why he thinks he's such hot shit.

Moan-a-lot May

MARTIN BREW

SUPPORT FROM ARVEENE, SIMON F, PAT MCMELLOW
SATURDAY 20 JULY
SHELTER E11

Martin Brew is a man steeped in the culture and sound of Manchester. Once a manager of the town's seminal Fat City record shop, he's recorded on the prestigious Grand Central label and spent the mid 90s knocking out turgid trip-hop as one half of Strange Brew. This aberration aside, his recent releases as J-Walk have been getting the right kind of attention and by all accounts, he can rock a party in the down-tempo breaks and beats style beloved of Manc-er DJs. The bill is also distinguished by a powerful home side in the form of Arveene, Simon F and Par McMellow, three boys who know what to do with a beat. Looks like a good enjoyable night out from here.

JOHN KELLY

SATURDAY 20 JULY
TEMPLE THEATRE €16

Pardon our French. There are two John Kellys and, in the past, we've been guilty of mixing them up. There's the Californian DJ John Kelly who specialises in desert breaks and West Coast house in a DJ Dan style. But don't worry about him because he's the wrong one. The one playing here tonight is Liverpudlian old-timer and former biggest DJ in Liverpool John Kelly. Eking out a living playing mundane trance has been the drill for Kelly over the past few years but there are signs of a return to his house roots with the release of the internet-only TrustTheDJ compilation. Claims he always tries to find room in every set for his favourite record - Cameos Word Up. Can't wait to see the faces down the Temple when that drops...

MATEO MURPHY

TUESDAY 23 JULY
SWITCH €TBC

Formerly known as Damage, this successful techno night is now being called the slightly cringeworthy Techno.ie. After the three deck virtuosity of last month's guest Claude Young, Techno.ie take it deep underground with Mateo Murphy. Murphy is a young Canadian upstart raised on Detroit and Chicago classics before discovering the cold, hard pleasures of European techno through the Montreal rave scene. As a DJ and producer he's all about highly focused tech-grooves with a touch of electro and acid house in them. His Turbo and Default imprints churn out class techno and if you're confounded by the glut of nu-electro/electroclash compilations choking the racks, seek out Turbo's anthology of International Gigolo releases, mixed by scene vanguard Tiga.

DMC HEATS

FRIDAY 26 JULY
MONO €8

Choice Cuts continue to exert their dominant presence over Mono at the moment with yet another turntable oriented night. This evening, instead of the lost fifth member of the Superduper Scratch Maniacs or whatever, we'll be treated to some seriously under-par scratching courtesy of the first leg of the Irish DMC Championship heats. The fare will consist of the Southern Ireland contenders, given three minutes each in which to be shite before being nudged off the stage in the August All-Ireland final by four nordie bastards (they're frighteningly good up there). If you went to the phenomenal Q-Bert earlier in the month (see elsewhere in the once-offs) this will be a timely reminder of how hard our local talent have to work to catch up.

PAOLO HEWITT

SUPPORT FROM MIVIAN
FRIDAY 26 JULY
MONO €10

As a special treat to anyone who didn't die of boredom at today's Paul Weller show in Marlay Park, Mono hosts this post-gig mod-up featuring the ultimate mid-60s throwback Paolo Hewitt. This urbane writer and DJ effortlessly exudes the kind of well-tailored cool that thick uglies like the Gallagher brothers like to aspire to. As well as being the acknowledged expert on all things mod, Hewitt also happens to be Weller's best mate and the man who got him into house music (for all the good it did - he was back strumming his fucking guitar the minute anyone took their eye off him). 60s rnb and go-go will be on the menu and the whole thing is a good opportunity to give nu-mulleteers this simple, common-sense bit of advice: if you're already ugly, don't lumber yourself with a haircut that makes you look even poxier.

LOTTIE
SUPPORT FROM JACKIE MCCULLOUGH
SATURDAY 27 JULY
RED BOX €15.90

Yet another unfamiliar name at The Red Box. Does this suggest an end to the period of relentless repetition in the guests visiting this John Reynolds establishment? Lottie is one of the few English female DJs worth her salt. Having turned her back on Trance a few years back, Lottie choose to forge a much funkier, house-orientated path and in the process become the first female DJ to play at Bugged Out!. Gigs at Fabric, Back To Basics and a well received compilation entitled Snapshot have seen her stock rise. And with a good display at the Vodka and Lickarse Awards in the Ambassador back in April under her belt, you could do worse than try something that differs from the standard prog that's usually belted out at the Bosca.

MR C
SUPPORT FROM TOUCHE
SATURDAY 27 JULY
TIVOLI €TBC

Yet more imaginative booking from the club who promised us everything under the mirrorball when it opened back in February. Nowhere in the ambitious mission statement about cutting edge acts and "the clubbers club" was there a promise to bring over the same DJ as soon after their previous appearance as is decently possible. But here's Mr. C back, looking - with his new haircut - like a cross between a 60s era Bobby Moore and an 18 month old baby. The reaction to his last appearance here was mixed, many saying his pin-sharp tech house was destroyed by an overdriven sound system. Touche, having discarded his big beat Wiseguys moniker, has also dropped his beloved party hip-hop for a housier direction - well worth checking.

NO AUGUST ISSUE OF THE SLATE BECAUSE WE COULDN'T BE ARSED. SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER

Mad-looking Middleton and his Secret Ingredient

TOM MIDDLETON
SATURDAY 27 JULY
SPIRIT €20

THIS MAN is most famous for being a moniker with a mission. He was the other Aphex Twin, is the other Jedi Knight as well as chilling us out as one half of Global Communications, housing us up as Secret Ingredients and NY Connection and kicking us in the goolies with his techno alter-egos ReLoad and Modwheel. Not to mention his shades-on mellow drum n bass identity, Link (with Mark Pritchard), one of the first acts to be snapped up by LTJ Bukem for his Good Looking label. All in all, Tom Middleton has given us ten years of top quality electronic music.

Now he wants to bring you the Sound of the Cosmos on this tour to support his latest mix CD of the same name. Unfortunately, it's a pile of nowhere nonsense but don't let that put you off this gig. Tom's mission when playing out is to give people a good time without the cheese.

So expect a lot of fun funky deep dirty disco house and a lot of smiles. Although, as you can see, he looks like a scary new-age Christian fundamentalist motherfucker, his music has been noted for its peculiarly sexual effects on people. A woman once famously reported having a spontaneous orgasm listening to Global Communications flake-out masterpiece 76:14. So if you find yourself single and looking for a shag you could do no better than head in here. It may even be game-on for Spirit's fantastically gay and silly looking male dancers. Recommended.

Tom back in his wrestling days

ANDY WEATHERALL
SUPPORT FROM TOIRSE, DECAL
SATURDAY 27 JULY
TBMC €TBC

Giving a DJ an extended set to stretch his legs is nearly always a mistake - except when it's Andy Weatherall, the master of the longer journey. Three hours is hardly what the techno grandfather is used to, compared to his six and eight hour sets at The Orbit in Leeds, but it might ensure that we get more for our money than a procession of teeth-grinding bruisers of interest only to the most coke-fried lunatics in the building. Being a contrary old bastard, Weatherall will probably abandon the dancefloor electro he helped make fashionable in favour of 3 hours of dub, but he's always worth a look. Mind you, last December's appearance at the Music Centre was more flab than fire.

S.H.O.K.K.
SATURDAY 27 JULY
TEMPLE THEATRE €16

Italian DJs Mario and Giotto make up the production and remix team S.H.O.K.K. whose trademark sound is not quite the kick in the bollocks provided by the BXR boys in full attack, nor does it descend into pure fucking cheese you might get from the odd Temple guest. For that reason, they've got their oar in on a number of varied enough labels, from the hostile tech-trance of Bonzai Records to hard house magnates Tidy Trax while also turning up on a few straight-up Gatecrasher trance compilations. Their amalgamation of trance, hard house and Euro-techno will be refreshing to connoisseurs of those genres. To everyone else it would be akin to being punched about the face by three similar but equally ugly bastards.

KID LOCO
SUPPORT FROM MIGHTY QUARK
SUNDAY 28 JULY
THOMAS HOUSE €10

This blink-and-you'd-miss-it gig in the dank environs of the Thomas House comes off the back of a Kid Loco gig in Cork the same weekend. The Dauphin of French downtempo is often confused with Alex Kid and for good reason - they're both French and both associated with the grainy experimentalism of that country's hip-hop scene rather than the mirrorball filter house of Daft Punk, Cassius et al. Loco aka Jean-Yves Prieurs scored well enough with his debut album Prelude To A Grand Love Story in the late 90s but it's as a remixer that he really starts flying. His retake of Talvin Singh's Traveller is still one of the most sublime chill moments ever committed to wax. Expect a good quality slacked-out set.

MONDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
C.R.A.P €FREE

Resident DJ Dirk Montage knocks out anything from rnb to indie. Doran's is not pleasant on a Monday. Last review: January 2002

PEG'S
BOOZE-O-RAMA €9

Shockingly cheap booze - all drinks □2 each all night, which almost makes it worth going there. Bar shuts at 1.30.

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

80s music ahoy here at this excellent and reliable night. DJs Kevin Courtney, Mark Kelly, Aidan Kelly and Dandelion. Good stuff. Last review: October 2001

SWITCH
SLAM €7

This popular underground gay night is doing a roaring trade this weather, with the dance-floor being packed for most of the night as DJ Karen knocks out decent vocal prog to a good crowd who aren't too up their own holes. Rocky T Delshitebucket lays on a good selection of electro and Indie upstairs. Recommended. Last review: May 2001.

Dandelion, Strictly Handbag

TUESDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
SHARPSHOOTER €8

Gay Indie night with a decent enough effort being made to get crowds in. Expect all the big indie tunes from the last ten years. Resident DJ Rentecca. Last review: February 2001.

PEG'S
LOLLYPOP €8

Gay night with DJ Ross. That's all we can tell you cause this club is shrouded in mystery. Review next month.

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

Rnb, afro-beat, dancefloor jazz and all the other strands of 'black' music you care to mention are played here very well by Fionn Davenport. Murfi plays upstairs Last reviewed July 2001.

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE €7

With the excellent Damage dying a death somewhat over the last little while, resident Joe McGrath and DMcG have relaunched techno night with none other than Claude Young on the opening night. Apparently there were queues right down the street for it, and with luck this night will do well.

TBMC
SALSA VILLA €8.50

Dr. Rumba tries to teach sad Irish people to dance. Not a pretty sight, but if you're into that kind of thing it could be useful. A club follows, but the attendance is usually shit. Last review September 2001.

WAX
LOWDOWN €7

New house night with a large roster of rotating DJs including Eoin Young, John Mahon, Col Sweeney and others. Vodka and Cranberry €200.

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Cathal's Wedgie come-on was surprisingly successful

W'NESDAYS

EAMON DORAN'S
ELECTRO CLASH €6/5

Punk, Gothic, Industrial and electro. New name but what went before wasn't great. Last review Feb 2002.

THE GEORGE
SPACE 'N' VEDA €7 AFTER 10PM

Alternative performance followed by rnb in Dublin's biggest gay venue. Resident DJs are Veda Bons Reves, Dandelion and Rocky T Delboy.

MONO
BLISS €8/6

Cheesy but successful night for young students looking to drop the hand on each other. Conor G upstairs, Mike McCoy downstairs. Ladies free before midnight. All drinks €2. Last review Jan 2002.

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €6

Reggae and dub are what's on offer here and a loyal crowd go week after week to this dark basement. MCs feature, as well as top quality International guests who drop in regularly enough. One of Dublin's best clubs. Last review November 2001

POD
LOGIC €7

New tech house and techno student night which bizarrely launched in the middle of exam time. The music is good, though, and there are some decent booze deals, so this could take off come September. Residents on rotation include Ron's Mobile Disco, Azreal, the excellent Simon Conway, Sean Hand, Nick Corrigan and Scott McNaughton (above right). All pints €1.90, 2 x Vodka and Sharks €6.50. Last review May 2002.

WRITERS WANTED: If you would like to help with The Slate's clubbing section, email: clubbing@theslate.ie or phone 664 0007

RIRA
TONGUE N GROOVE €7

Today FM's Donal Dineen lays on beats, inoffensive hip hop, funk and soul. Hit more often than miss. Last review October 2001

SWITCH
MIXIT €8/5

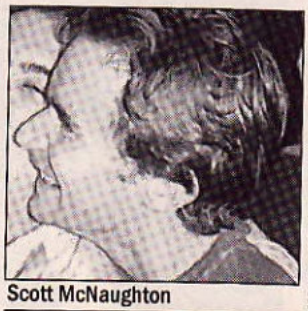
Tech and tribal house from Nova's Jay Cisco and pals. A good effort, but will suffer over the summer due to the lack of students. Vodka and energy drink €3. Last review February 2002.

TBMC
SOUL RIOT ☐6.50/4

Residents Gerry Molumby, Brian Harrington, Murfi and Dave Rice play funk and soul to fuck all people, usually. Last review April 2002.

WAX
SURESHOT €7

DJs Graham and Darragh bang out 80s hits for stewdents, although they don't appreciate you behaving like a student in here. 2 cocktails for the price of one. Last review May 2002.



Scott McNaughton

THURSDAYS

TEMPLE THEATRE
CHEESE €10

A collection of appalling DJs are set to move in here from July onwards. Expect a narrow selection of diabolical chart music. Fucking expensive, too, for a Thursday night.

EAMON DORAN'S
SIMIONICS €6/5

Loads of rotating promoters take this shithole on a Thursday, including PowerFM.org's Simionics night, Grit Greenglow's hard house, and the tough Ignition techno night.

THE GEORGE
THE MISSING LINK €8 AFTER 10PM

Quiz with weekly prize of €250 followed by 'Songs from the Last Century'. Hosted by Annie Balls and DJ Stuart Jackson.

ISAAC BUTT
SECTION 8 €6

Indie night run in association with X-fm. Hasn't started yet, but we'll review it when it does.

PARNELL MOONEY
GZ €4/5

Live bands from 9.30 and DJs afterwards are to be found in this grotty basement, while a young crowd of mostly ugly goths get pissed on cider. Last review October 2001.

POD
VIBE €8/6 LADIES FREE B4 12

Good rnb night with Frank Jez, Wez Darcy and Mel O.D. Expect big Jay-z style tracks and lots of women with no clothes on. Pints of Millers €2.50 all night. Last reviewed April 2002.

RED BOX
REVOLVER €6.50

Cheap booze, cheesy music and reasonable numbers make John Reynold's effort to crack the student market a completely forgettable night. Al Gibbs is resident. 2V+1RB =€6.50. All Other drinks €1.90. Ladies free before 12. Last review November 2001

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8/

Padraig Disconaut plays upstairs and excellent rnb man Stevie G and guests are downstairs - good stuff, with plenty o rowdy drunks getting the weekend started a day early.

SWITCH
PURE €8/7

Good house night with culchie DJ Bubbles at the helm. Well worth checking out.

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

Eamon Sweeney and various members of the Dublin indie scene bang out big tunes to people who hate dance music. Numbers fluctuate, but there is generally a fairly good atmosphere. Last review May 2002.

WAX
SOUL PATROL €7

A good selection of DJs, including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano and Billy Scurry play excellent deep house in what is Wax's best week-night club. Too posy for many, but catch it on the right night and it's excellent. International guests also play every now and then. Last review: May 2002.

Sooner or later, Donal would have to admit his 100 Euro Parisian hat had not been a good buy

FRIDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
FEVER €10

This progressive house night used to run in the Kitchen, and then that place closed down so it moved here. So far it has been a thoroughly depressing experience, with almost nobody showing an interest in the music.

GAIETY
SALSA PALACE €12

Live Salsa bands, some ok DJs and films being shown on a large screen. All a bit lacklustre, but not bad if you're in your late 20s looking for a husband.

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €5

Good indie night with John Colbert knocking out well-chosen tunes to a load of drunk nerdy types. Last reviewed April 2002.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10

Shit poser filled night with annoying hip hop, jazzy house and lounge music. Avoid.

MONO
ROTATING PROMOERS €VARIES

The Motion techno and tech-house night is now a monthly gig due to low numbers. Check once off listings section for details.

MONO BAR
CHOICE CUTS €5 AFTER 11PM

Good scratch hip hop night in a decent setting. DJs Splyce, Mayhem, Tu Ki, OB, Scope and Mek can all be found there regularly. Numbers are usually very good, with a decent crowd of regulars. Warsteiner 500ml €3.50. Last review March 2002.

POD
HAM €10/8

Reliable, long running gay night with Tonie Walsh, Shay Hannon, Hugh Scully and Martin McCann as residents. Music ranges from funky to prog house, with a large following of regulars attending. Good stuff. Last review May 2002

RED BOX
DEVOTION €9.50/7

Techno-bot Francois is in charge of this techno and tech house night which happens when the Red Box can't get a big name DJ in on a Friday. Hard as nails most of the time, with Giles Armstrong, Ron's Mobile Disco and the Redsettaz banging it out on rotation. Last review April 2002.

RIRA
RINKA €9

Funk, hip hop, soul from Cian O'Ciobhain, Pat McMarsbar, Dave Cleary, Cyril Briscoe and Brian Nevin. Open decks upstairs. Good Rira's fare.

SHOOTERS
OBSESSION €10

Gar Skelly and Paul Coady plus special guests bang out retro tunes. Terrible venue.

SWITCH
FOOD €9

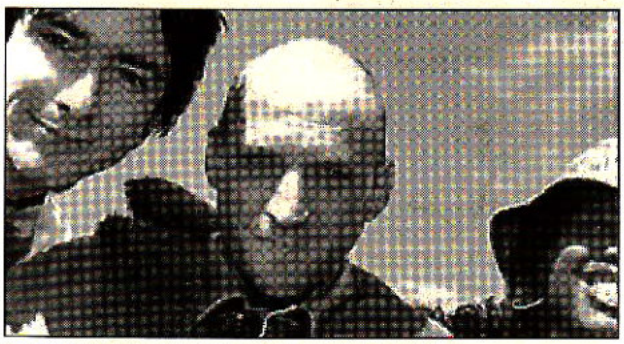
Breakbeat as it should be played, with lots of variation and the odd old skool classic thrown in. Crusty Simon F is the best resident, well worth checking out. International guests drop in from time to time, with Derry based Flux on June 28. Last reviewed January 2002.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION & DEEP €13/9

Dublin's biggest rnb night. Excellent Brit DJs every week (Dodge, Keith Lawrence, occasionally Trevor Nelson), podium dancers and fill the place with a huge crowd of mixed punters going mad. House from Sam Lowther and Marty Sheridan plus guests down in the Crypt. Last reviewed July 2001

VOODOO
BOOGIE €3 B4 10/VARIES

Trevor O'Shea and mates play house, usually, but it has been known to turn into disco all of a sudden. DJ Q plays this month.



Johnny Moy (centre): Dancing instead of DJing

Club gossip

In a slow month for club gossip, the only man to shame himself enough to make it into this column is none other than Johnny 'The Boy' Moy. The former Influx owner made a complete muppet of himself recently up in Belfast when he DJed in Shine with the Redsettaz as part of their 'Dex, FX and a whole lotta love' tour. Completely all over the place, he kept jumping into the crowd in between the tracks, and ended up putting on a shambolic performance that would have put even Shane McGowan to shame. This will come as a surprise to anybody who read a recent interview with Moy in the terrible BBM magazine in which he claimed he was no longer interested in 'partying'.

The latest news to reach Slate ears about Tomato nightclub on Harcourt St. is that it is to close down for a while in the next week or two. From it's opening about a year ago it has had a tumultuous existence, with Strictly Fish, Influx, D1 and a host of other promoters having short-lived associations with the club which ended for one reason or another. It's probable that a less music-orientated meat-market style incarnation will appear if it opens again.

The Temple Theatre is another dance venue in Dublin over which a question mark hangs, and tongues have been wagging about how long it will remain open. A recent Irish Times wrote how the venue 'is now the subject of a dangerous buildings order'.

The steeple of the old church is in bad nick, and it is estimated that it will cost €3 billion to repair it and the portico of the building. The Government fund for restoring heritage buildings will not be able to give the TT anywhere near this amount in aid.

The Modern Green Bar on Wexford St. which was up for auction recently did not make the asking price and so leaves owners Velure with the pub still on their hands.

Soul Riot, a funk and soul night which gets about three punters into the vast Temple Bar Music Centre every Wednesday night is scheduled to move to Wax on South William St.

Finally, well known DJ and 'party promoter' Tom 'Cozzy' Corrigan is leaving Dublin to head off to live in Sweden for the forseeable future. This will leave hundreds of ravers very disappointed who were looking forward to Cozzy and Co brightening up an otherwise drab summer.

SATURDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
CATAPULT €7

Indie, rock and house courtesy of Steve Stone from Ireland's worst magazine, Hot Press. You'll get an odd assortment of people here.

GAIETY
SOUL STAGE €12

Jazz, cabaret and soul in loads of different shabby rooms gives this place a vaguely epic but slighly depressing feel. Bar opens til 4am, but the older crowd that go there give it a kind of stolid atmosphere.

ISAAC BUTT
CHEESEY SINGLES €6

Indie disco with DJ Andy Colbert. He's a simple but effective DJ. If you hate dance music this is a decent option.

MONO
FUN FUNK FUNKY €12/10

This exceptionally stupid name has been applied to what seems to be the same night that was always running here. It used to be called Rotate and you'll find Paddy Sheridan, Conor G and Raymondo Frankly playing prog house. Not spectacular.

POD
MODERN ART €13/10

Davy K plays proggy house, and Dave Parry takes care of the Chocolate Bar. Not bad, not great - crowd are quite dressed up.

RED BOX
RED €VARIES

A random enough selection of international big name DJs play the Red Box on a Saturday, and usually Robbie Butler suports. See once-offs for more info.

Switch

23, Eustace St,
Temple Bar
Dublin 2

Mondays . . . Slam
Gay night with DJ Karen

Tuesdays . . . Techno.ie
Joe McGrath and GMcD play guess what?

Wednesdays . . . Mixit
Tech-house & tribal with Jay Cisco

Thursdays . . . Pure
House with Bubbles

Fridays . . . F.O.O.D
Breaks with Simon F

Saturdays . . . Funk'd Up
Techno with Impulsive Records

Sundays . . . Foot Fetish
Tribal house & live drummers
with Tonie Walsh & friends

mezzanine

Also: DJs 7 nights a week upstairs in Mezzanine Bar

RIRA
FRISKY DISCO €10

Pretty much the same old Ri Ra except with a slightly housier edge downstairs courtesy of Emma C. Dave Cleary plays upstairs. The Dame Court venue is always a safe option. Last review April 2002.

SHOOTERS
MUVE €VARIES

Trance for the young crowd crowd that go to this clinical, nasty venue. Last review February 2002.

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €20

Flash new club with residents Mark Lowndes, Cristian Bushell, Rory Pierce, Noel Phelan and Martin McCann. Very pricey on the door, but it goes on very late and the different rooms give you plenty of options. Well worth a look.

SWITCH
FUNKD'UP €13/11

Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey are the residents here, and they've built up some good links with international artists such as AJ Letty (Eukatech), Phil Kieran and Austin Tanney of Slide Recordings. Sometimes it can be less than exciting, but get it on a good night and it's banging. Last review March 2002

SHELTER
ROTATING PROMOTERS

Check once off listings for details. A fine little venue.

TEMPLE THEATRE
SP@CE €16

Big hard house and trance for young little clubbers - not for the purists or the fainthearted, as the music tends to be cheesey and the atmosphere manic.

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL FREE B4 10PM/€8

Rnb in this badly located superpub. DJ Funkmaster Lee is in charge.

WAX
REVISION FREE B4 €11/10

Wax shows it's true colours at the weekend - full of cunts.

Mr. Leitrim 2002 practises his famous 'Can I have your second credit?' arcade chat-up line

SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 WITH CONC, €8 AFTER

Good rnb session here with Cork's Stevie G and the regrettable, floor-emptying Tony Dixon as residents. International guests such as Shortee Blitz have appeared in the past. The place itself it weird and tacky, but it still works much of the time. Last reviewed: April 2002

EAMON DORAN'S
MELTING POT €6

Poor hip hop night with plenty of bad scratching and annoying beat juggling.

THE GEORGE
SHIRLEY'S BINGO SUNDAY €7

Very popular variety show hosted by Ireland's most famous tranny, Shirly Temple Bar and follwed by DJ Fluffy. Well worth checking out.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD €4

Eclectic indie & electronica night which often sees moments of bizarre brilliance. Has been doing very well numbers wise of late, so get there early if you want a seat. Recently they've played host to Exile Eye, Spectac and various other leftfield oddballs. Last reviewed January 2001

MONO
MESSY □5/8

All day house session which starts downstair and sees all manner of house DJs play before it goes upstairs. Patrick Dempsey and Nick Corrigan are the residents. Hasn't been doing so well of late. Last review March 2002

POD
LOVE DANCIN €9

Very foolish name for a club. Residents Nello Romano, Barry Redsetta, Billy Scurry and a whole load of others will be supplying deep, tech and funky house after Bubbles' Odyssey night finished up.

RIRA
BASS MONKEY €7

Karlito and DJ Pete Pamf are residents.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €10

New joint with mostly progressive house DJs. Up until now, they've only been running a Saturday club, but this month sees Spirit branch out into pretentiously named Friday and Sunday clubs too.

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH □8/6

Tonie Walsh, Sean Hand and Ed Poland lay on bongo-driven west coast house. A big effort to disguise the manky inside of Switch is made, with glitter and other paraphernalia hanging from the ceiling and walls, which works very well. Live drummers feature too. Last review May 2002.]

VOODOO
AURA □3

Dave McDonald and guests play layed back music

WAX
HILTON EDWARDS □8

Sceney gay house night with Martin McCann and Mark Dixon on the decks. The Music can get a bit noodly but there generally tend to be loads of people here and few dirty old men. Last reviewed February 2002.

DJ BARS

MONDAYS
4 Dame Lane - Music Matters: *Rory Jones & MC Phil West (ragga , reggae, roots)*
Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: *Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Bitch Night: *Hosted by Asha. guest dj's, fetish dancers (apparently) and live music.*
Gubu - Comedy night: Declan Rooney
Handel's - Open Deck
Modern Green Bar - Revenge of the Bar staff - *music picked by the staff*
Thomas House - *Vibrator*
Voodoo - Sugar Jam: *with Marcus Valentine. Open mic. session, bands & dj's.*

TUESDAYS
4 Dame Lane - Lizard Lounge *(lounge music)*
Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: *Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Relentless: *Guest DJs every week, including Lady MC, Grunt Brothers (drum n bass)*
Handel's - Joy *Soul Sister (soul, funk)*
Mezzanine Bar -
Modern Green Bar - DJ Jimmy Behan (Kin Recordings) *electro and chillout. Erdinger 500ml bottles □3 all night.*
Thomas House - Home Brew
Gubu - *Jazz and Funk bands*
Voodoo - The Tuesday Club: *funk/soul*

WEDNESDAYS
4 Dame Lane - The Hot Jazz Biscuits with Kieran Wild (Jazz) Conor Irwin (downstairs)
Bodkins - *Open Mic Night*
Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: *Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Fillet of Soul: *DJ Mivian. 60's soul/britpop/classics*
Gubu - G Spot *with Busty (open mike variety show)*
Handel's - Ollie Moore *(breaks, beats, reggae and electro)*
Modern Green Bar - DJ Adam - *soul. Becks 500ml bottles □3 all night*
Mono - Mike McCoy (eclectic)
Thomas House - Dub Factor *Greg (Ska, Roots, Rhythm)* & Inner Frequency
Viva - Sound Factory (ground floor) *Eddie Lennon*
Voodoo - Nada : *DJ No (house)*

THURSDAY
4 Dame Lane - Hiphopalicious: *Fhadd Junior (Sir Henry's), DJ Dar (hip hop, breaks, beats, rnb)*
Bodkins - *Open Dec Night*
Chocolate Bar - Open 5pm. Jamie Clarke, David Davin. *Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Fromage - *DJ Derry Lee (aka Bronagh Gallagher) & friends. (Motown rock/soul)*
Fireworks - Booty *R'n'b, hip hop, garage with Pure Silk*
GUBU - DJ Daniel - *mixed bag*
Handel's - *Rocky T. Delgado (electro, indie)*
Hogan's - *Jason O'Callaghan (Soul, Funk and Grooves)*
Life Bar - *Al Redmonds*
Modern Green Bar - DJ Stephen Hughes (Big Brother Records). *Stella Artois Pints □3 all night*
Mono - Fresh Vinyl Attack *DJ Ilk Latvia (eclectic)*
Thomas House - Fatty Fatty & Hidden Fortress, X-ray Specs & Dowtown
Viva - Retrospect *Mark Kelly (indie)*
Pravda - *Zoe S.*
Searson's - *Eamon Barrett*
Viva - *Retrospect, Mark Kelly (Indie)*
Voodoo - Shakedown: *DJ Gerry Molumby. (funk/soul/disco)*

FRIDAY
4 Dame Lane - *Crunch: Aidan Kelly & Jonathon Lynn (funky house and disco)*
Chocolate Bar - Open 5pm. Davey K. *Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Hell's Kitchen - DJ Claire K & Pete Pamf. (funk/soul/classics/anything goes)
Forty Foot, Dun Laoghaire - Malik (lounge/funk/soul/house)
GUBU - Kajagubu *Mark Kelly (80s night)*
Handel's - Rocky's Revenge (7.30-9.30) *Rocky T Delgado.* Star DJ *9.30-close (mixed bag)*
Hogan's - *Mr Moto & Nello Romano (deep house)*
Life Bar - *Tiny Tim (commercial house)*
Modern Green Bar - Flonn Davenport *(Velure) (funk/disco/hip hop)*
Mono - Choice Cuts. *OB, Scope, Tuki, Mek, Spryce,*
Pravda - *Terry C and Wayne B*
Searson's - *Terry C and Wayne B*
Thomas House - Savage Banter *Leagues and guests (indie)* & Gappy Foundation *Triple A & Nomad (drum 'n' bass)*
Viva - *Paul Webb & guests*
Voodoo - *Urban: Brian Macdonald, Gary Ward, Tayor, Steve Flynn, Declan Canning, Rosman (deep house)*

SATURDAYS
4 Dame Lane - Fancy Free: *Fhadd Junior (down) DJ Mikee (Up) (hip hop, breaks, cheese)*
Chocolate Bar - Open 6pm. Dave Perry.
Coyote Lounge - *DJ's Sean Harley, Gladdy: R+B, Happy House*
Dice Bar - The Promised Land - DJ Poppy & DJ Tarquin (lounge/funk/disco)
Forty Foot, Dun Laoghaire - Nello Romano/ Mr Moto (lounge to house)
GUBU - *DJ Conor Irwin / DJ Richard*
Handel's - *DJs Dara & Kevin (hip hop, jazz, funk)*
Harbourmaster - *Steff Hoffman/Peter Cosgrove (laid back grooves)*
Hogan's - *Eddie Eustace/ Dan O'Keefe JazzyBeats*
Life Bar- *Hugo Boss*
Modern Green Bar - Freestyle: *guests*
Mono - *Ronan O (funky house)*
Pravda - *Eamon Barret (indie)*
Searson's - *Terry C*
Thomas House - Monkey Tennis *Tom Rixton and Scott* alternates with Thomas the Skank Engine *DJ Euro, DK Dublin and friends*
Viva - *Paul Webb & guests*

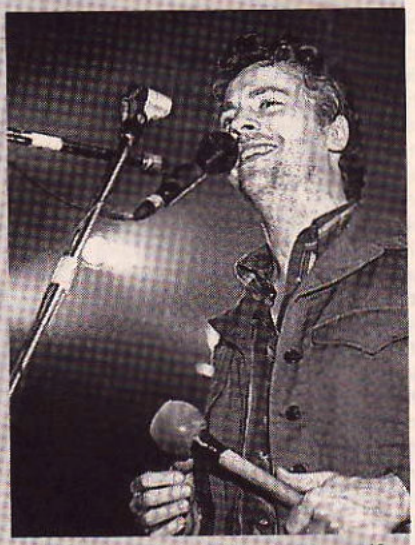
SUNDAYS
4 Dame Lane - *The Workers Party with Aiden Kelly Dandelion Sergeant & DJ Mikee (funky house and disco)*
Chocolate Bar - Open 6p.m Scott McNaughton + Jessie. *Happy Hr 7pm - 9pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - The Poison - DJs Poison, Pappy & Ram (reggae/soukous/saka/dance/zouk/ arabic)
GUBU - Jazz Action *Live jazz band from 5-7*
Hogan's - Sundazed, 4pm til close *-featuring Mr Moto, Color, Eddie Eustace and Nello Romano.*
Handel's - Ciaran and Miller from 6-9 Colin and Steve + Co 9-12
Mono - Messy *Patrick Dempsey, Nick Corrigan and about 200 guests. (house)*
Thomas House - *Chicks on decks / Funkin Divine Allstars*
Viva - *Tom Rixton & Quilli*
Voodoo - Pacemaker, *from noon till 6pm: open decks*
Aura - *from 6pm till late. Dave Mcdonnell & guests. Barbeque in beer garden.*

Full-on Flamer gig should deliver

THE FLAMING LIPS

MON 01 JULY
VICAR STREET €27.00

ATTRACTING LOW-PROFILE past masters of American music is what they do best at Vicar Street. But, unlike a lot of their visitors, the Flaming Lips recording career is still very much a going concern. This gig will be the first chance for fans this side of the Atlantic to hear songs from Yoshimi Battles The Pink Robots, the eagerly awaited follow-up to their 1999 masterpiece The Soft Bulletin.
It is debatable how much of this band's official bio stuff is worth repeating since most of it is obviously total bullshit and, unlike the people at allmusic.com, we're not completely gullible here at the Slate. Suffice to say it involves stolen instruments, redneck transvestites and unnecessary limb amputations.
What is known is that the band formed in Oklahoma City in 1983 and have released some of the most musically inventive and lyrically original (artificial insemination, superheroes with spontaneously combusting brains) albums of the last 15 years. The songs on the Soft Bulletin remained as out there as ever but the production was slick and pop oriented, with Peter Makran (Puff Daddy, R Kelly) on mixing duties. With Yoshimi, etc. retaining this approach there could be fears of a certain financially calculated method to their madness at this stage of their careers. But that fear is based purely on bitter experience with other bands and would be completely out of character for this constantly entertaining act.



Let me tell you a few lies about myself

AIMEE MANN

DAMIEN RICE, GRANDDRIVE
MON 01 JULY 8PM
NATIONAL STADIUM €25

Yet another veteran American female singer-songwriter whose lyrics read like the script to the latest episode of Dawson's Creek. Mann started out in the 1980s fronting 'Til Tuesday, a pop act with new wave tendencies. Since going solo she has received consistently good reviews for albums like Whatever (1993) and I'm With Stupid (1995) but had virtually nil profile at home in the US until her song Save Me from the film Magnolia earned her an Oscar nomination in 2000. Her songs are occasionally clever - Noel Gallagher, for example, was surprised to discover that he was not the first person to use the word 'acquiesce' in a pop song. But unlike contemporaries such as Annie DiFranco she always tends a little too far towards the middle of the road for comfort.

Aimee Mann will be boxing in the National Stadium

NEIL DIAMOND

FRI 05 & SAT 06 JULY
LANSDOWNE
€ 49.50/64.50/ 69.50

Yes yes. That old swinger Neil Diamond is back in Dublin for a couple of soon-to-sell-out gigs at Lansdowne road this coming July 5th and 6th. Ring your granny and tell her to get her ticket quick - with songs such as "Sweet Caroline", "Cherry Cherry" and "Girl you'll be a woman soon" even Diamond has his fair share of fans willing to shell out upwards of 50 quid a ticket - but don't expect too many fireworks onstage as the aul fuck is getting on a bit. Surely all that is needed to complete what is likely to be a night of schmoltz and cheese all round would be for one of our "homegrown" muppets to join him onstage for a duet. Ronan Keating, anyone? "Schong Schung blue..." Disaster looms . . .

RATDOG

SAT 06 JULY
AMBASSADOR €TBC

The death of Jerry Garcia in 1995 meant that what had started only months earlier as a side project for Grateful Dead guitarist Bob Weir suddenly became his main gig. Comprising of Weir on guitar and vocals and his long-time collaborator Rob Wasserman on bass, as well as a fluid assortment of guitarists, keyboardists and saxophonists, RatDog have recorded just one studio album (Evening Moods, 2000). Not surprisingly, considering Weir's history, the emphasis is very much on their live show, as captured on last year's Live At The Roseland. They haven't forgotten the lucrative Grateful Dead franchise either, staging the Furthur Festivals with ex-Deadhead Mickey Hart's current band Mystery Box.

TENACIOUS D

SAT 06 JULY
WHELANS €TBC

Some people might be familiar with Tenacious D's singer, Jack Black, as the hilarious shop assistant in High Fidelity. In this film, he put in a sterling performance in which he came across as almost as obnoxious as those condescending anorak wankers who work in Laser video on Georges St. - a feat which must be respected. He's also starred in another couple of films (Let's get it on and Shallow Hal), but the question tonight is - can he sing? With songs titles such as Fuck Her Gently, Tenacious D demand further inspection, and thankfully humour has not suffered from the well-traveled track from screen to speakers; with lines like "I'm shooting my juice/Right in your caboose", we're not talking Keanu 'Dogshite' Reeves. Even if the music's cack this should still be interesting.

CALEXICO
SUN 07 JULY
VICAR STREET €23

Calexico are one of the many bands who have forged a nice little notch for themselves in the ever-growing alt-country canon. Nevertheless, their music extends beyond this limiting tag, with many jazz influences finding their way into the bands well crafted songs. Their last release, Aerocalexico was an unusual collection of outtakes and session material that included covers of Nick Drake and Goldfrapp, along with some sketchy tracks that are more embryonic ideas than fully-completed songs. Hailing from Arizona, they often incorporate TexMex elements into their material, and draw on the likes of Ennio Morricone for inspiration. Well worth checking out.

EX GIRL
12 JULY 7.30PM
TBMC €11.50

The Kurt Cobain-championed Shonen Knife probably set back the cause of all-girl Japanese punk by forcing us to assume that the genre had at best an odd novelty value. But there's something weirdly appealing about the music of Ex-Girl. Band members Kirlo, Fuzuki and Keiko (formerly of the oddly named Super Junky Monkey) were discovered by top Japanese producer Hoppy Kamiyamas in 1997. Their third album Back To The Mono Kero has recently made some inroads on the San Francisco punk scene, via Mike Patten's Ipecac label, and now you've got the chance to catch them here at the Music Centre this month. Yes they're primarily a curiosity act, but as Kamiyanas' indispensable website puts it "they are keep on rolling for five years. This is the rock n roll angel of this planet."

ANGIE STONE
WED 17 JULY 7.30
RED BOX €25

Rnb artists are usually depicted as mustachio'd lovermen in open shirts or foul-tongued hussies with not a stitch on them. But the success of Lauren Hill and Erykah Badu meant the coast was clear for other viewpoints and lifestyles to be channelled through a mellower, more considered strain of street soul. Enter Angie Stone, who the press have been hooting about and giving the old next big thing jive to since her (rather disappointing) Mahogany Soul release last year. Actually, Stone has been around for donkey's years, and was one of the first signings to Sugarhill Records in 1979. She goes down well with types who reckon they're too old to get jiggy and will do while they wait for Hill and Badu to get off their rich arses and make new albums.

Primal Scream - playing on Sunday night with Oasis and Basement Jaxx

Fair offering at Fairyhouse

WITNNESS
SAT 13 JULY & SUN 14 JULY
FAIRYHOUSE €TBC (EXPENSIVE)

Now that Slane has completed its slide into shite Witnness is undoubtedly the live music event of this summer. Whereas Feile (its long-forgotten predecessor) was plagued by outraged locals brandishing burning crosses wherever it went, the natives around Fairyhouse Racecourse seem happy enough to fleece the fuck out of punters. (Expect binliners to be going for about □4 a piece if it rains.) It's a good site though - big enough to accommodate five stages but close enough to the city that you can bail out halfway through if you get a bad err... pint.

And the bands appearing are mostly top class. We're not giving promoters MCD any credit for this, mind. The idea of getting a beer company to put up the cash while you charge people exorbitant prices to act like hippies for a weekend has been robbed wholesale from events like the Carling Weekend in England and T In The Park in Scotland. Even the line-ups this year are practically identical. Last year an exciting new act, the White Stripes, sneaked onto the bill and it would have been nice to see another - The Streets maybe, or The Vines - do the same this year. Instead we get the tried and tested old favourites. (Neither the Hives nor Gemma Hayes are hip or happening.)

If you can only afford one night it's a close call in terms of which to recommend. The addition of Primal Scream to the Sunday night bill, where headliners Oasis and Basement Jaxx are always an entertaining spectacle, might have tipped the scales in that direction. But for strength in depth we're going to stick with Saturday where you get the Prodigy, Air, Ian Brown, Mercury Rev, Peaches, Gonzales and the totally unexpected return of Lady Miss Keir from Dee-Lite.

CHRISTY MOORE
FRI 19 JULY, SAT 20 JULY, FRI 2, SAT 3 AUG
NATIONAL STADIUM, DUBLIN €35/30

The Grand Old Man of folk music, Christy Moore makes a welcome return to the National Stadium for an ambitious and generous series of gigs on consecutive weekends at the end of this month and the beginning of August. Ambitious because the health problems that have kept him away from the live circuit haven't disappeared overnight. And generous because he certainly doesn't need the money. Some might find a gig like this unglamorous and parochial in comparison to visits from international superstars - like watching an inter-county football match after the excitement of the World Cup. But the more discerning will recognise the man as being, like the GAA, a real national treasure.

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

FRI 19 JULY
TBMC €18

Forget Blink 182 and Sum 41, this is the real sound of skate-metal. In the early 80s when Linkin Park were a twinkle in no-one's eye, Mike Muir and his mates formed Suicidal Tendencies in California. Through playing at parties and causing all sorts of havoc at their gigs, they finally managed to put out an album and make a guest appearance on Miami Vice...before splitting up in 1994. Fans of the band rejoiced as ST reformed five years later, proving that Black Sabbath don't have a monopoly on comebacks. They'll be bringing their skateboards and guitars to Dublin to, no doubt, the great delight of the Central bank plague.

THE WAILERS

SAT 20 JULY
RED BOX

The Wailers without Bob Marley may seem like the Late Late show without Gay Byrne - but don't worry, these lads beat Pat Kenny to fuck. Since Marley's death, they have made a living playing old Marley tunes with reasonable success, and composed a few of their own along the way - with one notably being used as part of the soundtrack to the acclaimed French film La Haine. Losing the most famous Reggae singer in the world was not the only setback the band suffered during the past decade - in 1987 the angry wife of drummer Carlton Barrett had him shot by a group of gunmen. Live, they're tight, and while it seems a bit odd to have a guy who sounds and looks very like Marley singing with the band, their last gig here went down very well with the Dublin crowd.

TRAVIS

SUN 21 JULY
MARLAY PARK €44.50

As much as one might snigger at Michael Jackson's deluded egomania or Thom Yorke's paranoia, there really is nothing to beat a little mental instability in a pop idol. Unfortunately though, Travis frontman Fran Healy is the kind of guy who'd walk you home if you got hammered and tip you off about the cost-effectiveness of energy-saving lightbulbs on the way. His band boast a look and a sound that normally wouldn't have gotten them much further than busking at Buchanan Street Bus Station. But unusually in an industry built upon principles of pure evil, Travis have built a reputation on being nice. If you are foolish enough to get dragged along to this blandfest in Marlay Park expect the conversation to revolve around when they will play Why Does It Always Rain On Me? and whether it starts raining/stops raining/lashes down buckets of Neil Young's piss during that song.

STANLEY CLARKE

MON 22 JULY
OLYMPIA €33.70 - 36.20

Jazzman Stanley Clarke is one of the world's most accomplished bass virtuosos. From working with John Coltrane's old collaborator Pharaoh Saunders in the early 70s to releasing the commercial jazz landmark School Days in 1976, Stanley has more or less done it all. In the 80s he came to invent both the piccolo and tenor bass, as well as fitting in stints working with Michael Jackson and touring with Keith Richards in his spare time. In the 90s he wrote the scores for several films including Boyz N The Hood and Romeo Must Die. He's taken bass playing to unheard of heights so he probably doesn't give a shit if you've never heard of him.

Write for us

Mail

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Thank You

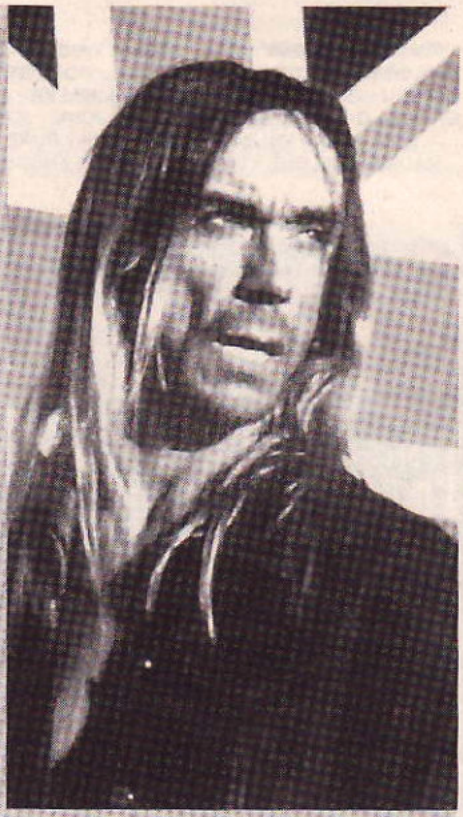
The senile junky superhero

IGGY POP

MON 15 JULY
OLYMPIA €43.80 - 48.80

Wiser men may have opted for shades or drunkenness but Iggy Pop chose his bare wiry chest as his trademark and he's sticking to his guns. At 55 though he's starting to look like a female bodybuilder. There's a scene in Trainspotting where Kelly MacDonald asks Ewan MacGregor why he's still hung up on 'Ziggy Pop'. He doesn't know. "Times have changed," she tells him. "Music's changed." The film is set in the mid-1980s. Her question is even more pertinent nowadays.

Ozzy Osbourne has demonstrated how far one anecdote (the bat one) can go to convey the credentials of an ageing rocker to a younger generation. Iggy unfortunately has never been much of a go-getter. He has always had to have popularity thrust upon him - by David Bowie, by the punks, by the Seattle grunge scene, by film producers etc. Of his albums it is inevitably the ones with Bowie on board that are the strongest. Check out Raw Power (1973) for Search and Destroy, The Idiot (1977) for China Doll, Lust For Life (1977) for Turn Blue and Neighbourhood Threat, and even Blah Blah Blah (1986) for a man sounding better than any 40 year old has the right to. But the heart and soul of his records and legendary live performances has always been Iggy himself - iconic and hyperactive, ten parts id to one part ego. So what if the junky superhero routine is a little bit undignified for a man of his age?



Iggy the piggy

BRYAN ADAMS
WED 24 JULY
MARLAY PARK €44.50

Unbowed by a broken arm, Bryan Adams arrives in Dublin fresh from a year spent recording songs for DreamWorks' animated film, Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron. Old, ugly and riddled with acne scars, Adams should have disappeared off the radar by now, considering the small market there is for middle-of-the-road rock. But Bryan has stumbled upon the trick of tailoring his sound to the tastes of an ever-aging audience without fucking too much with the original formula. And since 'mature' audiences don't really like loud rock and roll, his ear for completely unsubtle pop hooks and a lifetime-supply of shitey ballads also comes in very handy. Slightly better than Jon Bon Jovi but not as good as Rod Stewart - or Adolf Hitler for that matter.

PAUL WELLER
FRI 26 JULY
MARLAY PARK €44.50

From the beginning of his career with the Jam in 1977 to the height of his 'Dadrock' infamy in the late 1990s Paul Weller has long been dogged by accusations of valuing rock traditionalism above innovation. Yet what many of his detractors conveniently forget is that Weller split up the Jam while still in his early twenties and spent a good part of his career exploring his soul infatuation with the Style Council. The band's jazz-pop and house direction on their final album almost cost him his career. Some admittedly stodgy material aided his 1990s rejuvenation but you can't really blame a middle-aged man for sounding middle-aged.

MEATLOAF
SAT 27 JULY
MARLAY PARK €44.50

Hmm... Meatloaf. Only a connoisseur as discerning as Homer Simpson could get enthused by the rock operatics of Marvin Lee Adey, or indeed the mouldy dinner from which he takes his stage name. The Texan veteran specialises in preposterously overblown musical melodramas and yet he has always been too unpretentious to really revile. He is probably still waiting for that call from Jim Steinman to tell him that Bat Out Of Hell III is on. The first installment spent nearly three years in the American top 100. The second re-launched his career after over a decade of bankruptcy and obscurity. Maybe when the third assaults the charts we won't be so hesitant to call him a fat talentless lump of shite.

Photo: Joe Davitt

Paul Weller - rocking all over the world

RICHARD THOMPSON
MON 29 JULY
OLYMPIA €26.00

Television's Richard Lloyd - the acceptable face of guitar fetishism - was in town last month. This month sees the return of one of his less fashionable counterparts, ex-Fairport Convention guitarist Richard Thompson. Thompson is a hero to legions of fortysomethings, partly for his work with the late 60s folk rockers, but mainly for the series of albums he recorded with his then wife Linda. The latter period was bookended by their two classic records I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight (1973) and Shoot Out The Lights (1981). Both of these albums were produced by Joe Boyd who later went on to do REM's Fables Of The Construction. Thompson also appeared on Nick Drake's Boyd-produced Bryter Layter.

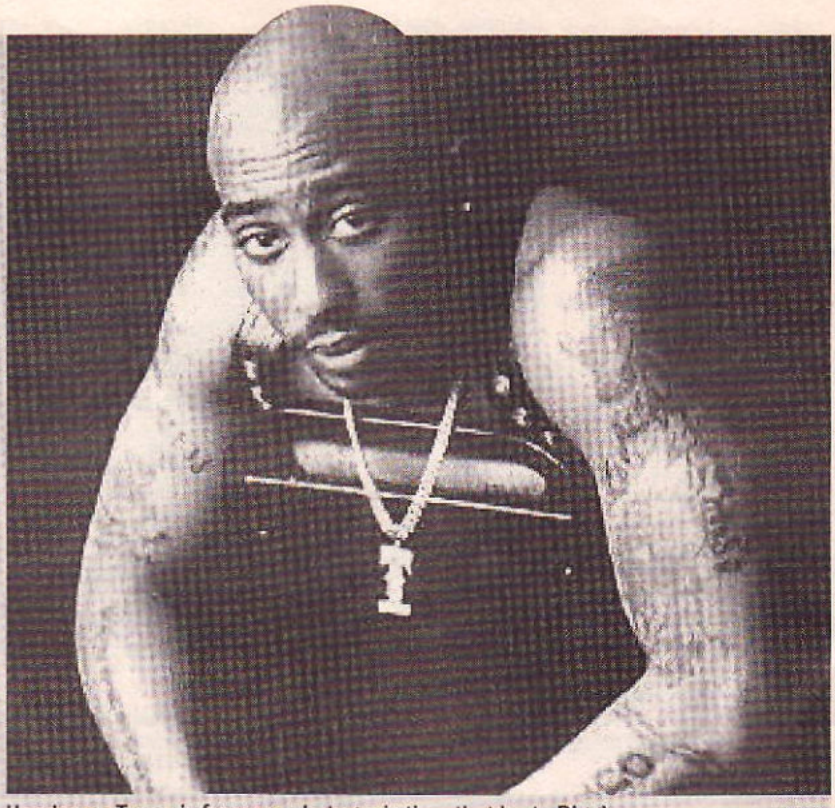
It's fifty Euro for Simple Simon and Stupid Huey

SMITHWICKS SOURCE FESTIVAL
FEATURING PAUL SIMON, FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS, KÍLA, BLIND BOYS OF ALABAMA
SAT 27 JULY
NOWLAN PARK,
KILKENNY CITY €50!

It was a sell-out last year when Bob Dylan came to Nowlan Park and it may well be again for the visit of Paul Simon. In terms of the number of songs he's written that are firmly lodged in the public consciousness, Simon is one of the few songwriters alive to rival Dylan. But for a man whose face is supposedly carved on the Mount Rushmore of American rock he has never, from his folk beginnings to the World Music direction he's pursued since 1987's Graceland, really rocked. Support act the Fun Lovin' Criminals are about to release their Greatest Hits and it should be a short fucking album. Not since Robbie Williams has one man's smugness and dubious charisma so endeared him to the general public like frontman Huey Morgan. Also appearing are Kila and the Blind Boys of Alabama.

Thinking of 50 ways to leave Kilkenny

Tale of Two Rappers



Handsome Tupac is far more photogenic than that brute Biggie

BIGGIE AND TUPAC

DIRECTOR: NICK BROOMFIELD
STARRING: BIGGIE AND TUPAC

THE ASSASSINATION of rap's joint number one superstars within six months of each other back in the mid-90s has become perhaps the last big rock n roll iconic event, all the more potent a story because of its inconclusiveness. No one was ever charged with the murder of either Biggie Smalls or Tupac Shakur. So when English documentary-maker Nick Broomfield - maker of controversial films about Kurt Cobain/Courtney Love, celebrity whoremistress Heidi Fleiss and the New York fetish underbelly - gets on the case, one expects results, answers.

The short version of the outcome is, we don't get them. Broomfield attempts to shed some light on the significant fog surrounding the murders by interviewing key people within the mystery. Unfortunately, this is the first place in which his film starts to go wrong. The director is so obviously delighted with himself to have managed to gain access to some of these folk (in particular, being granted a prison-courtyard audience with the gloriously evil Suge Knight, the head of Tupac's record label Death Row and suspect number one behind both killings) that he never bothered editing the interviews.

Hence we sit through endless odysseys of irrelevant footage (the last half hour in particular is just freeform boredom) and while there are some undeniably compulsive candid moments amidst the dross, the whole thing is put together arseways. Biggie and Tupac are given only the most minimal introduction at the start, giving the casual viewer no motivation to sit through the rest of the film. The editing is flabby and there is more than one vanity scene which is far more about Broomfield than his subject. Despite establishing that there is a definite bang of corruption about the whole sorry story, there is virtually nothing in the line of summing up at the end. And to add insult to injury, Tupac's mother slapped an injunction on his music being used for the film so the entire escapade is set to the sound of Biggie mumbling through a mouthful of burger. In short, a great idea with great potential completely squandered.

BIRTHDAY GIRL

DIRECTOR: JEZ BUTTERWORTH
STARRING: BEN CHAPLIN, NICOLE KIDMAN, VINCENT CASSEL AND MATTHIEU KASSOVITZ

This is the kind of movie that might hold your interest for an hour or so, but it will be a holy miracle if you can remember much about it the next day. Ben Chaplin plays John Buckingham, a lonely 30-something English bank-clerk, whose dreary life is livened up by jogging in the park and hardcore porn. His failed love life has reduced him to searching for romance on the internet, and he reckons he's come up trumps when he buys Nadia, a Russian mail-order bride. Off he trots to Heathrow only to discover that she can't speak a word of English. After toying with the idea of sending her back to a world of food queues and anaemia he gradually realises that she's Nicole Kidman and she likes being tied up. The fool thinks he's in for a life of ease but predictably Missy comes with strings attached in the form of two comedy vodka-swilling Ruskies (Matthieu Kassovitz and Vincent Cassel) who turn up uninvited. Being Russian they are naturally involved in heinous crime and soon Chaplin is tied to a chair with a knife to his throat. A slight piece of entertainment that will entertain worthless losers but is otherwise strictly for the dullest Sunday afternoon of the summer.

WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?

DIRECTOR: SAM WEISMAN
STARRING: DANNY DEVITO, MARTIN LAWRENCE

This noisy, vulgar and thoroughly likeable comic romp revolves around a battle of wits between professional thief Kevin Caffrey (Lawrence) and filthy rich bastard businessman Max Fairbanks (DeVito) over a ring. When Caffrey attempts to burgle Fairbanks' beach house (where he's busy rogering a Playboy centrefold behind his battleaxe wife's back) he gets caught, the police are called and he's hauled off. But not before DeVito extracts his own petty revenge by taking Caffrey's good-luck ring, given to him by his girlfriend, off his finger and keeping it for himself. Caffrey gives the cops the slip but wants his ring back. And so cunning plans are hatched throughout the rest of the film before the inevitable feel-good ending. Martin Lawrence is really just a Tesco version of Eddie Murphy but isn't nearly as annoying as Chris Tucker, while anything with DeVito is guaranteed to have that little extra bit of class. Surprisingly enjoyable, despite all the mugging and stupid American humour.

BETTY FISHER

DIRECTOR: CLAUDE MILLER
STARRING: SANDRINE KIBERLAIN, NICOLE GARCIA, MATHILDE SEIGNER

Buy your popcorn and coke and take a good long piss before sitting down to this dark, complex French drama because it's the kind of thing you're likely to lose the run of with even the briefest lapse of concentration, never mind a leisurely stroll out to the jacks. It concerns Betty (Sandrine Kiberlain) a mousy writer who dotes on her 4 year old son and gets lumbered with a visit from her emotionally unhinged Mother (Nicole Garcia). The child dies in an accident and Grandma's sensible enough solution is to nick a similar child from a local playground and present it to Betty. This second infant belongs to troubled slapper Carole (Mathilde Seigner) and the kidnapping slowly brings these two different women into the same orbit with devastating consequences for both. Garcia gives us maybe the most dragonlike mother since Faye Dunaway in Mommy Dearest. It's all very elegant - especially the way in which the character's tales are intertwined. But in the final analysis, the moralistic outcome is about as ambivalent as Snow White.

BIG BAD LIAR

DIRECTOR: SHAWN LEVY
STARRING: FRANKIE MUNIZ, AMANDA BYNES

This must have taken the writers all of about ten minutes to come up with while lethargically eyeing re-runs of The Wonder Years during ad breaks for Ferris Bueller's Day Off on the other channel. Frankie Muniz, who plays 14 year-old compulsive liar Jason Shepard, is a creation of Hollywood genetic science - two parts Tucker from Nickelodeon, one part labrador puppy - and will be familiar to dole bums and housewives as Malcolm In The Middle. When Jason gets stung by his parents for lying about his homework one day, he's given the afternoon to do it or risk summer school. For reasons too boring to go into, the homework - an essay called Big Fat Liar - falls into the hands of a monstrous film producer, Marty Wolf (Paul Giamatti) who promptly makes a film out of it. The rest of the film is just a load of banging and crashing and comedy capers as Jason and his foxy pal Kaylee (Amanda Bynes of the homicidally annoying Amanda Show) attempt to retrieve the essay and clear Jason's name. Big Bad Liar would like to think it appeals to sussed early teens but the average episode of Sabrina is ten times funnier and smarter. If you bring your kids to this they'll kick the living shite out of you before rushing back home to their X-Box.

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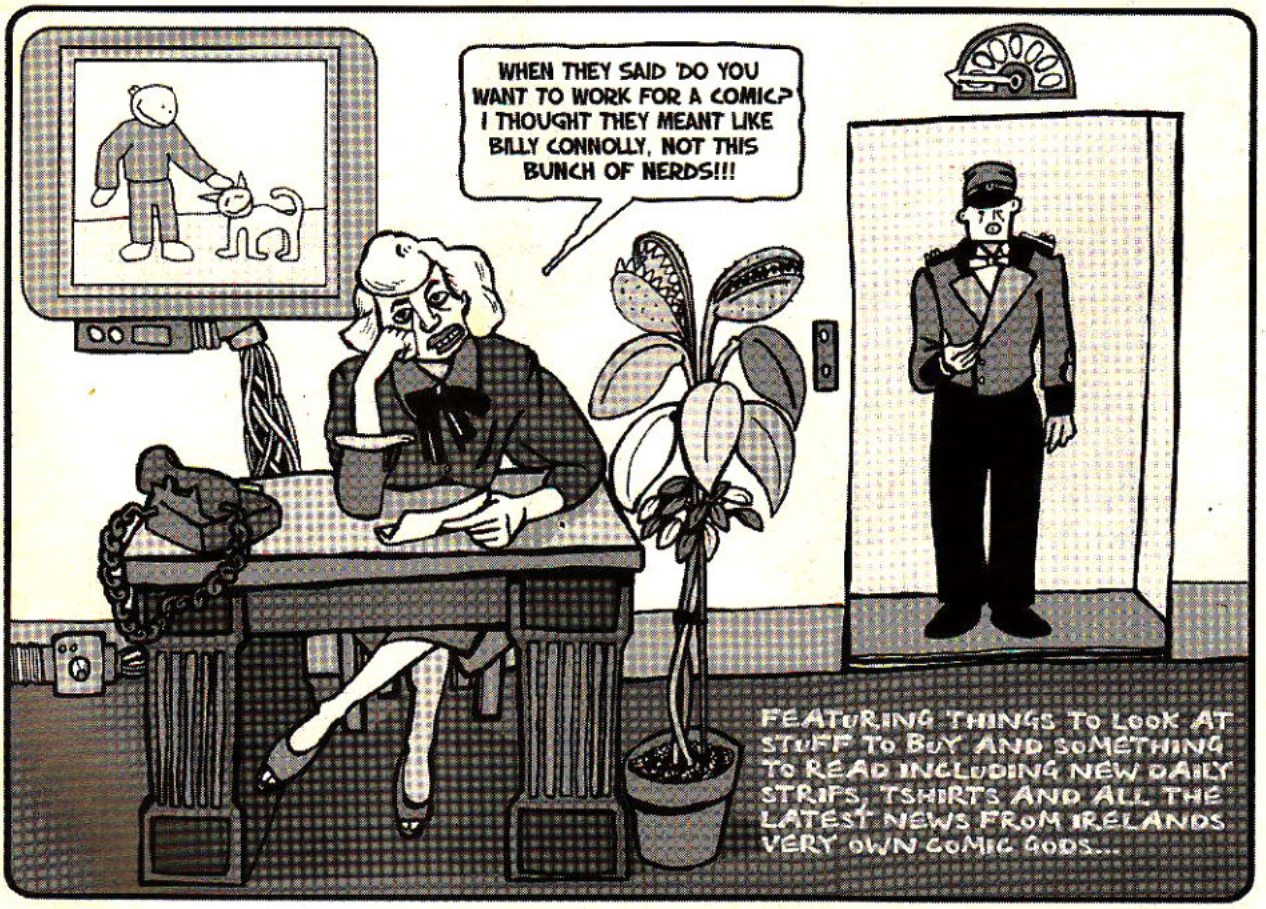

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